OF THE

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OF

S COMPANION

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ANION, Boston, Mass.

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC ss: Taken on execution, wherein Mrs. M. L. Day and Calvin A. Cole, under the firm name of Day & Co., both of Hallowell, in the County of Kennebec, are creditors, and S. Edward Longfellow of said Hallowell, is debtor, and will be sold by public auction, on Saturday, the seventh day of December, A. D. 1889, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of Jones & Leigh, in Augusta, in said county, the following described real estate, and all the right, title and interest which the said S. Edward Longfellow has in and to the same, or had on the first day of July, A. D. 1889, the time when the same was attached on the original writ, to wit:

"A certain lot of land in said Hallowell, bounded as follows: Beginning at the gate, near the willows, at the south end of a stone wall running northerly and on the north side of the road leading from Hallowell to Winthrop; thence running northeasterly, following said stone wall to the Melvin quarry road; thence southerly by said quarry road to land of J. S. Longfellow; thence westerly by said J. S. Longfellow's land to the bound first mentioned.

Also another lot of land bounded easterly by a road leading towards Ladd's Mills, so called; southwesterly by the quarry road aforesaid; westerly by land of Bodwell and others, and northerly by land of owners unknown.

Also another lot bounded westerly by the Ladd's Mills road aforesaid; northerly by land of T. H. Day, supposed owner; easterly by land of heirs of Reuel Williams, and southerly by land formerly owned by Samuel Longfellow, deceased," and being the same premises described in a deed from William S. and Sewall E. Winslow, dated May 3, 1867, and recorded in the Kennebec Registry, Book 314, Page 92.

Dated this 30th day of October, A. D. 1889.

3452 WM. H. LIBBY, *Deputy Sheriff.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1889.*

WILLIAM F. TABER, Guardian of WM. S. MCFADDEN and others of Augusta, in said county, minors, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said wards, the proceeds to be placed on interest, viz: All the interest of said wards in Lot 96, in Township 14, Range 4, now known as Ferham, Aroostook county:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1889.*

LEMUEL B. FOWLER, Administrator on the estate of WILBERT E. POTTER late of Augusta in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of CATHERINE I. BROWN late of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of EMILY MITCHELL, late of China, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 2*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1889.*

SARAH F. QUINN, widow of HIRAM QUINN, late of said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES C. LADD, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 11, 1889. 2* SAMUEL TITCOMB.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of SARAH B. BIDDER, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 11, 1889. 2* JAMES BRIDGE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator for with will annexed, on the estate of WILLIAM C. BARTON, late of Windsor, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 11, 1889. 2* JOHN K. BARTON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of ALVAH GILMAN, late of Monmouth, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to EMERY O. BEAN.

Nov. 11, 1889. 2*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with will annexed, on the estate of LUCY A. KILBURN, late of Belgrade, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to R. K. STUART.

Nov. 11, 1889. 2*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executrix of the last will and testament of ALONZO N. FULLER, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 11, 1889. 2* MELISSA FULLER.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of JOHN KIRK, late of Chelsea, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

July 8, 1889. 52* JOHN D. ANDERSON.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, notice has been given in writing to the Augusta Savings Bank, that Deposit Book No. 25433, issued by said Bank, is supposed to be lost, and a duplicate has been requested: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that unless said deposit book is presented at said bank within six months from the date of publication of this notice, a duplicate book will be issued to the lawful owner of said original deposit book, and the liability of said bank, on account of said original deposit book and accrued dividends, will forever cease, as provided by the laws of the State of Maine.

WM. R. SMITH, Treas.

Augusta, Nov. 15, 1889. 3t3

CALIFORNIA

Via the SANTA FE ROUTE.

Fortnightly Excursions from Boston to Kansas, Colorado, New and Old Mexico, and California in PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, combining comfort and economy. For full information, apply to your nearest ticket agent or address S. W. MANNING, New England Agent, 328 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Mention this paper. 1y38

FISTULA treated without the use of the knife or detention from business, also all other diseases of the Rectum. Cure guaranteed. WM. READ (M. D. Harvard 1862), and ROBERT R. READ (M. D. Harvard 1876), Evans House, No. 175 Tremont Street, Boston. References given. Consultation free. Send for pamphlet. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 3 to 4 P. M. (Sundays and holidays excepted) 1y14 PILES

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY.

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET, Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.

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For one inch space, $2.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

C. S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG, W. COLE.

Maine Farmer.

"There is no better opening to-day in the world than that given by agriculture." This is an utterance made by Professor Walker of the Massachusetts agricultural college.

Secretary Woodward of the New York State Agricultural Society, has arranged for forty-six two days farmers' institutes to be held the coming winter. Professor Sanborn is engaged to speak at every one.

A small orchard of eight acres in Greencastle, Ind., is reported to have produced 6,500 bushels of Ben Davis apples which sold for sixty cents a bushel. Think of the misery entailed on mankind in the effort to consume that quantity of Ben Davis apples!

The Idaho pear is a new competitor for public favor (money). A company has been organized at Lewiston, Idaho, to boom it. Wonderful stories are told of it, but don't invest till something is known about it. It is well to remember that vast strides of superiority are not made at a single jump.

Good breeding sows are among the most profitable stock a man can keep on the farm. But one should know how to keep them. When fully matured by age they may be kept at small cost. Cheap food, pure air and plenty of exercise, will bring strong and hearty pigs. The orchard is a good place for them to run, and don't be frightened if they root a good deal. The trees and the hogs also will do all the better for it.

The last volume of the British Stud-Book just issued, shows that during the four years 1885-88 nearly 2,300 English racehorses were dispatched to the various quarters of the globe—an average of little short of 600 per annum. Of these the greater number—some 900—went to different parts of South America, to Buenos Ayres in particular, though Monte Video, Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, River Plate, and the Argentine Republic have had a considerable share.

The Penobscot & Aroostook Union Agricultural Society whose shows have heretofore perambulated from town to town, are about establishing a permanent home. They have bought grounds at Sherman, have laid out a half-mile track, and have begun on the grading. It is intended to have it in readiness for use another summer. A good track will be appreciated by the many owners of horse stock in that vicinity, and permanent fixtures for a cattle show are almost indispensable.

Mr. J. H. Gregory, the well known seedsman, finds that sweet Longfellow cornstalks, though harvested when nearly dry, are relished by his cows after being silloed and moistened by the greener varieties. He kept an account last year of how long an acre of Longfellow, ensilaged ears and all, lasted his herd, feeding them about fifty pounds a day. He learned that the quantity of ears eaten averaged about eight quarts per cow. The crop was about 140 bushels of ears to the acre.

It looks as though the farmers of Massachusetts secured a victory at the polls, on the butter vs. oleo question. It is claimed that three-fourths of the senate and fourfifths of the house of representatives stand pledged for honest butter. Maine has a direct interest in the Massachusetts butter trade, and joins in congratulations over the result. The *New England Homestead*, whose editor was president of the Farmer's League, did valiant service in arousing an active interest in the matter. We all owe it a debt of gratitude.

Now that the returns are all in, it is proved that the United States agricultural exhibit at the Paris Exposition was extremely creditable to this government, which received four grand prizes, thirty-three gold medals, with silver medals, bronze medals and honorable mentions in even greater abundance. Among some of the most marked honors that came to New England were medals to the Massachusetts society for the promotion of agriculture, Prof. Charles S. Sargent, Jamaica Plain, Mass., section of trees; Green Mountain farm of West Randolph, Vt., butter; E. F. Cowdrey & Co., Boston, canned meats; J. H. W. Hickins & Co., Boston, canned soups.

The *Mirror and Farmer* has to say: "Experience has taught us that when nature makes the butter high colored, she also makes it high flavored." We have had some experience in butter dairying, but never got our lesson just that way. The above assumption makes color and flavor inseparable. Butter, *all right*, is both high colored and high flavored, but under certain conditions of season and feed, high colored butter may lack flavor, while butter more or less off color may be otherwise all right. We have been forced to conclude that flavor in butter is chiefly due to the flavoring oils of the food consumed. Right handling of the milk, cream and resulting butter retains the flavors uncontaminated and brings them prominently out in the gilt edged finished product.

We cannot quite agree with the claim so frequently heard from sensitive stock breeders, that the comparative experiments with the different breeds of cattle now being conducted at several of the experiment stations, will amount to nothing reliable, because of the small number of individual animals representing a breed. Of course the average results in growth, milk or butter of a large number of animals, if such could be had, would come nearer a representation of what the whole breed is doing. But the work of a single animal of a breed reliably represents the breed so far as a single individual is concerned. It matters not if it is not one of the best; it is one of the breed, and to that extent teaches its lesson. So we say, better these comparisons with a few animals, than the mere assertions of interested parties. They give us a measure of knowledge of a breed.

The *Mark Lane Express* is indignant with the *Breeder's Gazette* for saying shorthorns are not milkers, "because they are not built that way," and replies:

"We really must protest against such a loose attack on our historic breed, simply because some American buyers have selected pampered animals rather than those bred for use and profit. * * * The selection and management by American buyers and breeders—and the same holds good of English, Scotch, and Irish—is, in but too many instances, at fault. There is no breed that may not lose every good point by careless breeding. To call attention to this is good and useful, and breeders should listen to such well meant criticism. There is no breed that can be described as having but one merit. It is equally true to say that one of the great inherent qualities of the famous Teeswater race of bovine stock is its aptitude to become good milkers."

More about the Russets.

Our observing Union correspondent refers in the *Farmer* of Oct. 31, to our allusion to the American Golden Russet, and says that "it is about time this Golden Russet snarl was cleared up." We have spent much time in an effort to clear up the confusion in regard to Russet apples, and though there are several varieties of this family grown to some extent, that have no recorded names, yet we have succeeded in clearly establishing the names of those most largely grown among the orchardists in our State. If our correspondent had carefully noted the description previously given by us of the American Golden Russet, he nor any one else would have no difficulty in identifying them. It is an early winter fruit, crisp, juicy and melting, and one of the most delicious apples of its season. It is of small size, slightly long, and tapering towards the eye. No one can mistake it if these characteristics are observed. It is not common.

A Golden Russet is widely grown among us, medium in size, roundish; color yellow ground, mostly covered with dull russet, and with a bronzed cheek in the sun; flesh yellowish, and mild sub-acid flavor. This variety is late winter, but does not keep till summer. This has been largely introduced among New York trees. Still another is the English Russet, or Poughkeepsie Russet, also introduced from New York. This is the late keeper, that will hold good down to June. The distinction between this and the Golden Russet last named, in looks is quite plain. The size and shape are similar, but in color this has a green ground instead of golden, as in the other, and is nearly covered over with a green russet. This gives it a green color all over, in place of the golden and blush of the former. The flesh of this is white, while the other is yellow, and the flavor is sprightly and pleasant acid. If one will observe these distinctions closely, there will be no difficulty in identifying the three varieties of russets named.

There are several other varieties of russets grown among us. The Hunt Russet, introduced from Massachusetts, is about the shape of the Golden Russet, but is medium in size, and carries a bronze cheek. Flavor, rich and sprightly; season, early winter. Another russet, medium size, same shape as Hunt, is known as Sponge Russet. Flesh spongy and tough, flavor very mild sub-acid, great bearer. Still another, grown quite largely in western Penobscot county, is locally known as English Russet, medium in size, same shape, russet all over, and rasping sour in flavor. A remarkable bearer; season, mid-winter. These, with the well known Roxbury Russet, make up the named varieties grown in the State. There are still others, unnamed, which occasionally appear at the shows, but are not grown to any extent.

In this connection perhaps it is best to name one other variety, russet in color, but not in name—the Pomme Grise, a very small and a very flat apple, covered all over with russet, and distinguished for its delicious flavor; season, late fall and early winter. The appearance of this is so distinct from other russets that it is easily identified.

PRINCE ONAWA.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Country Roads.

Good Cows.

A deal is being said about the importance of good cows and the utter worthlessness of the other extreme. Dr. Collier of the Geneva Experiment Station, and Prof. Roberts of Cornell, have each figured a large part of the New York dairymen into poverty of production, and *Hoard's Dairyman* has caught up the strain and can find only here and there a cow or a single herd worth the keeping and feeding. All the rest of the vast numbers of cows kept must "go," if dairying is to be made profitable.

All of this sounds well, and in the abstract may be a good doctrine. But what is to be done with all those poor cows, and where are the good ones coming from to take their places? Cows remarkably above the average of those around us are not plenty, and never have been bred to order, however much one might desire to do so. Breed as well as we may, and it will be a long, long time before the ideal cow will be numerous enough to fill all places.

Good feed and proper care are called for more than the swapping of cows. Should intelligent care prevail, it would soon be found that a large part of the cows now doing inferior work would be transformed into profitable animals. Feed, not breed, is the first thing to look after. There is far more in feed than in blood, and the dairyman who has not found that out would not be benefitted by any chase he may make after better and more profitable cows. The profit is in the feeding. When all cattle owners learn this and govern themselves accordingly, the number of cows so inferior as to be discarded will not be large, and the good ones to take their places will be far more numerous.

Still, improvement by selection and breeding will always be called for. Breed as well as we may, and then there will always be room for selection. Seek for the best, and feed and care for them well. This course will soon put any herd of cows into profitable condition.

Prince Onawa.

We present this week to the readers of the *Farmer* a cut of Prince Onawa, made from the original drawing from life by the talented animal artist, Professor Emery of Boston. Prince Onawa was sired by Onawa, record 2.22½, and was raised by the late A. W. Brackett of Pittsfield, Me., and is now the property of Mr. N. L. Perkins of the same place. Prince Onawa's dam is Isabel, dam of Harebell 2.29. He is a horse of remarkable beauty, and of fine disposition, and his head at once tells of levelness of brain and great intelligence. The neck is of good length, neither heavy nor light, but shapely, and with a crest curved right, with good chest and strong arm, a well rounded barrel, and a back and loin that for strength and beauty cannot be excelled, and, in fact, his general make up cannot be better. He has never been handled for speed, but is fast, and has been put into the hands of Mr. Mosher of Lawrence for fast work, and Mr. Mosher predicts he will go below 2.30 next season.

Brought Him in Debt.

The following good story, told by the *Butchers' and Live-Stock Gazette*, of a beef transaction between a farmer and a butcher, will be appreciated just now, when the farmer gets so little for his fat cattle, and consumers are complaining that they get no advantage from the low values. The story also carries a good moral to the farmer:

Mr. Jones sold a bullock to Mr. Lazarus for $16, to be taken and paid for when fat. When Mr. Lazarus came for the animal, Jones said he would like to have a forequarter for his own use. Mr. Lazarus willingly accepted the order, and, after the bullock was slaughtered, delivered the meat. A few days later Jones went to town, called on Lazarus, and as a preliminary to a settlement, asked for his fat bullock all right, Mr. Jones. I haf the bill already made out. Here you are." Mr. Jones read:

Mr. Jones, Dr., to Jacob Lazarus.

To one quarter of beef, 185 lbs., at 10c.....	$18.50
By cash, one bullock.....	16.00
Balance due.....	$2.50

"Good heavens, Lazarus, you get three quarters of the beef, the hide, tallow, and offal, and bring me in debt $2.50. How's that, old man?" "Ah, Mr. Jones, that beef vas cheap at ten cents a pound." "But, Lazarus, you only gave me $16 for the whole bullock." "Ah, but, Jones, dot's pitness, pizness, do you see?" "Well, Lazarus, next time I have a fat bullock I'll kill it myself, use one quarter and throw away the rest, and then I will save $2.50. You see?" "Ah! ah! but dot's not pisness; farmers should not be butchers—dot's bad."

STAY ON THE KENNEBEC. A large majority of the people who go West from this vicinity are laboring men seeking to better their condition. There appears to be one place, at least, in the West where more laborers and mechanics are not wanted. The *Waterville Sentinel* has received a copy of the Bay City Mich. *Sunday Times*, containing the following article which we are requested to publish. We do so willingly, as it may prevent somebody from leaving the Kennebec this fall, to work at starvation wages where they are not wanted:

There are advertisements in the papers from time to time, that men are wanted here in the Saginaw valley. Some advertise for house carpenters, some for ship carpenters, and some for men to work in the woods, mills and factories. Now there are no men wanted here. There are plenty of men who are walking the streets, looking for a job. The lumber kings and contractors do this to keep wages down. The advertising is done in papers that are published in other States, and especially in Canada. And there are agents in Canada holding out inducements for men to come here in this valley, by telling them that wages are from $20 to $30 per month. They come here and hire out, and go in the woods and work all winter, expecting to get such wages, and in the spring are paid off at $10 and $15 per month. Now, laboring men and mechanics, when you see these advertisements and hear these agents talk, take no heed, but stop and think before you leave your homes and families. Ask your friends about it. Write to your friends here, or get your friends to write, and find out if it is so or not, and you will save a good deal of suffering and misery. Men come here, and have spent their last cent to get here, and perhaps are arrested for tramps and locked up. Now that has ruined many a good and honest man, for when he gets out he is ashamed to be seen by his former associates, and falls an easy victim to that class of criminals that is always ready to catch the unwary. Another scheme of these men who advertise is to furnish tickets to men, with which to go from here to the camps, that cost them about 80 cents on the dollar, and it is understood with their foreman, and they work a day or two, and prehaps a week, and then are told to take the tote road without a cent. Another scheme is to have agents who are selling cheap jewelry of all descriptions go into their camps to entice men to buy. They do not ask for any money, but will take what time the men have worked and ask enough for their trash to stand a big discount, and the man who does the labor is the loser. The man who works the time is the gainer. Now men, those who happen to read this, take heed, for you can see that this valley is no place to make any money and hardly a living, so keep away and give the men who have their homes partly paid for a chance for their lives, and you will save a good deal of suffering and hardship.

By order of

BAY CITY TRADES COUNCIL.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

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Good feed and proper care are called for more than the swapping of cows. Should intelligent care prevail, it would soon be found that a large part of the cows now doing inferior work would be transformed into profitable animals. Feed, not breed, is the first thing to look after. There is far more in feed than in blood, and the dairyman who has not found that out would not be benefitted by any chase he may make after better and more profitable cows. The profit is in the feeding. When all cattle owners learn this and govern themselves accordingly, the number of cows so inferior as to be discarded will not be large, and the good ones to take their places will be far more numerous.

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"Good heavens, Lazarus, you get three quarters of the beef, the hide, tallow, and offal, and bring me in debt $2.50. How's that, old man?" "Ah, Mr. Jones, that beef vas cheap at ten cents a pound." "But, Lazarus, you only gave me $16 for the whole bullock." "Ah, but, Jones, dot's pitness, pizness, do you see?" "Well, Lazarus, next time I have a fat bullock I'll kill it myself, use one quarter and throw away the rest, and then I will save $2.50. You see?" "Ah! ah! but dot's not pisness; farmers should not be butchers—dot's bad."

STAY ON THE KENNEBEC. A large majority of the people who go West from this vicinity are laboring men seeking to better their condition. There appears to be one place, at least, in the West where more laborers and mechanics are not wanted. The *Waterville Sentinel* has received a copy of the Bay City Mich. *Sunday Times*, containing the following article which we are requested to publish. We do so willingly, as it may prevent somebody from leaving the Kennebec this fall, to work at starvation wages where they are not wanted:

There are advertisements in the papers from time to time, that men are wanted here in the Saginaw valley. Some advertise for house carpenters, some for ship carpenters, and some for men to work in the woods, mills and factories. Now there are no men wanted here. There are plenty of men who are walking the streets, looking for a job. The lumber kings and contractors do this to keep wages down. The advertising is done in papers that are published in other States, and especially in Canada. And there are agents in Canada holding out inducements for men to come here in this valley, by telling them that wages are from $20 to $30 per month. They come here and hire out, and go in the woods and work all winter, expecting to get such wages, and in the spring are paid off at $10 and $15 per month. Now, laboring men and mechanics, when you see these advertisements and hear these agents talk, take no heed, but stop and think before you leave your homes and families. Ask your friends about it. Write to your friends here, or get your friends to write, and find out if it is so or not, and you will save a good deal of suffering and misery. Men come here, and have spent their last cent to get here, and perhaps are arrested for tramps and locked up. Now that has ruined many a good and honest man, for when he gets out he is ashamed to be seen by his former associates, and falls an easy victim to that class of criminals that is always ready to catch the unwary. Another scheme of these men who advertise is to furnish tickets to men, with which to go from here to the camps, that cost them about 80 cents on the dollar, and it is understood with their foreman, and they work a day or two, and prehaps a week, and then are told to take the tote road without a cent. Another scheme is to have agents who are selling cheap jewelry of all descriptions go into their camps to entice men to buy. They do not ask for any money, but will take what time the men have worked and ask enough for their trash to stand a big discount, and the man who does the labor is the loser. The man who works the time is the gainer. Now men, those who happen to read this, take heed, for you can see that this valley is no place to make any money and hardly a living, so keep away and give the men who have their homes partly paid for a chance for their lives, and you will save a good deal of suffering and hardship.

By order of

BAY CITY TRADES COUNCIL.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings by Our Correspondents.

Mr. Editor: Geo. Perkins of Windsor, has sold his four-year-old filly to Wm. H. Morris of Morrisonia, N. Y., the owner of Fleetwood park, for four hundred dollars. This colt is bought for speed, and is expected soon to appear at the front.

At Island Knox I chanced to see the imported Percheron stallion, Jamaique, owned by W. S. Edmister, East Knox. It is a perfect type of a horse, gray, 17 hands, weight 1800 lbs., foaled April 9, 1887. This horse has been making the season, and a very profitable one, at Mr. Edminster's stable.

At Burnham I saw the celebrated imported Percheron stallion, Royal, No. 9762, owned by A. D. Millett, Burnham, Me. This is a black roan, or very dark gray, 16½ hands high, weight 1600 lbs., foaled April 9th, 1886, imported 1888, bred by M. Cagot, commune of Medoux, Canton Mortree, department of Orne.

Lynn Knox, owned by S. A. Davis of North Dixmont, is a very fine horse, mahogany bay, 16 hands high, and weighs 1150 lbs., with feet and legs to suit those who look for the best; this horse can road very fast, has never been tracked, but can show a 2.40 gait; was got by Tom Lang, he by Gen. Knox, dam by Shores Messenger, he by Winthrop Messenger, by imported Messenger.

These horses have been well patronized this season, and are worthy of attention.

Don, owned by F. E. Ware of Whitefield, is a fine gaited 2-year-old colt, by Jocco, he by Constellation by Almont, he by Alexander's Abdallah, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam by Batchelder horse, he by Young McClellan, record 2.27, he by Gen. McClellan, 2.26. F. W.

Extracts from the Address of Grand Master J. H. Brigham,

Made at the National Grange, Sacramento, Cal., Nov. 13.

We come not as the gold seekers come, in eager search for the precious metal. We come not from mercenary motives, or to gratify a desire to see the sun-set side of the continent, but rather to greet our sisters and brothers of the Pacific slope, and reward their zeal and perseverance in the good work, by extending to them all the privileges and pleasures connected with the session of the National head of our organization. We come prepared, nevertheless, to accept and enjoy the hospitality for which Californians have a world-wide reputation.

Two hundred and four new Granges have been organized during the year, and several hundred dormant Granges have been reorganized. Our State reports an increase of two thousand, another sixteen hundred, another forty-two new Granges, and the young State of Washington not only comes into the sisterhood of States, but also joins our National organization with a fully equipped State Grange.

The reports from several other States indicate a degree of prosperity which is very encouraging. *Work* seems to give practical results; not alone in additional membership, but also in increased zeal and enthusiasm among the members. In other States, for reasons which will doubtless appear in reports of State Masters, the cause is less prosperous. I trust that our labors at this session will tend to revive the interest where it is languishing, and accelerate growth where the order is now prosperous.

We are thoroughly satisfied that no plan has yet been devised which is equal in all respects to that of the Patrons of Husbandry. "One in which all can find something to enjoy," and not enjoyment alone, but helps that will contribute to success upon the farm—comfort in the home, harmony in the neighborhood, and the preservation of all the rights of citizenship.

We antagonize no other plan of organization, but are of the opinion that recruits will be far more effective, when transferred into a veteran organization with years of experience purchased at great cost, than they can possibly be in any new organization without the experience which will enable them to avoid mistakes, which sometimes prove very disastrous. We earnestly invite all farmers, who realize the necessity of organization, to examine critically the Grange plan, and the history of its achievements, before affiliating with other organizations. In no other way can intelligent choice be made.

The farmers are manifesting more than usual interest in the subject of taxation, realizing, as they do, that in every State the average farmer is unfairly burdened. For wealthy corporations, and individuals owning stocks, bonds, notes and mortgages, there seem to be modes of escape from bearing this burden, or at least part of it. For the farmer whose all is invested in land, tools and stock, *there is no escape.* His property is on the list of taxation—he cannot hide it, but never until they do so. Unite and conquer, divide and be defeated.

The Worthy Lecturer made a presentation of matters of political responsibility.

Horse Department.

Cost and Profit of Beef and Butter.

For years past the breeders of the larger breeds of cattle have amused themselves by ridiculing the Jerseys on account of their small size. They have told the old story about the cat carrying off the cows, and have pointed at their "cat hams," and have got a large amount of fun at little cost out of their comparisons. Now this has not hurt the Jerseys a particle. They have gone right on attending strictly to business, giving rich milk for about eleven months in the year, furnishing the best quality of milk, cream and butter in generous quantities, and giving a good profit. The Jerseys in these days when profits are proverbially scarce. Nor has all that has been said either vexed or alarmed a single dairyman who has a herd of Jerseys. I think, however, it has deterred many who are unacquainted with the merits of the breed from giving them a trial, for there are many farmers who take their opinions largely from their neighbors' practice, and if the Short-Horn or Holstein breeders say that "The introduction of the Jerseys was a curse to the country," it must be so.

Without stopping to adduce proof, I will state what I believe as a fact, almost no dairy herds in this country of any breed whatever are giving greater profit than those of pure or high grade Jersey blood. I speak from many years' experience when I state that it costs considerably less to raise a Jersey to the milking period than one of the larger breeds, and it is reasonable to suppose that the food of support is in proportion to the size of the animal, and that it will cost but two-thirds as much to support a cow weighing 800 pounds as it will one weighing 1,200.

The sum of the offence which the Jersey cow gives to her opponents is, that she is not a beef animal—that after she has served her day in the dairy she cannot be fattened up to twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, and sold at a good round price. There was a time when the final disposition of the dairy cow was an important factor in the profit of dairying, but that day has long since passed. I remember selling a fat cow when war prices prevailed, at $100 per hundred, live weight, and she came to $114, but the memory of that was no comfort to me when last spring I sold a good fat cow for $2.35 per hundred, and when I know that in my market during the past year, there has not been a time that a fat cow could be sold for $3 a hundred. The farmer with beef to sell to-day must come in competition with the whole country, with cattle fed on the range at no cost but herding, and with the dressed beef monopoly that is rich enough to sell beef at half its cost in any market until they have driven out all competition.

Under these conditions, the farmer has no voice whatever in fixing the price at which he shall sell his beef, unless it is by producing a superior article (and cost of shipping steers), or when he may be able to get a cent a pound above that paid for common cattle; and the very highest quotations for the choicest shippers in the Cincinnati papers to-day (Oct. 30) is at 4½ per hundred, and no farmer could get within half a dollar a hundred of this price unless he had a carload lot that would all grade as "tops." My nearest neighbor sold a grain-fed three-year-old steer last fall that only weighed 1,500 pounds, for $3 a hudred. Now what encouragement is there for the farmer, on land worth $50 or more an acre, to engage in beef production! My advice is to veal all but the very best calves. I can make a veal on skim-milk that will bring from $5 to $7 at six weeks old, and the same animal if kept till two years old would not bring $20 more. I sold last week a veal 40 days old, the first calf of a Jersey heifer, that had not tasted new milk since it was a week old; it weighed 140 pounds and brought the top price in the market.

On the other hand the man who produces a really first-class article of butter (the very product that the Jerseys are noted for) has small competition. One great reason for this is that the majority of farmers are constitutionally opposed to milking, and will not engage in a business so confining as dairying, and one in which success depends so much on attention to details; yet I doubt if there is any locality where really first-class butter cannot be sold by the year at from 20c. to 40c. a pound. Now let us compare the cost of producing a pound of butter with that of a pound of beef, and take in some of the incidental advantages of dairying. The beef producer must keep about three times as many cattle as he sells in any one year to keep up the succession. If he expects to sell a carload of three-year-old steers each year he must also have on hand an equal number of two-year-olds and yearlings. A farmer also who has but a hundred acres or so of land must depend on the local market to sell his cattle in, for he will have so few to sell that it will not pay him to take them to a city market. While some high grade cattle will be larger, I think the average farmer will not be able to make his three-year-old steers weigh above 1,200 pounds each and at the prices which have prevailed for some years past the cattle will pay just about one dollar a month for their keep. This is counting that they are sold for $3 per hundred, but even if he gets $4, it will only pay $1.33 per month for the three years. I do not think that steers could be brought to this weight unless they were fed grain each winter, and I should expect to feed fifty bushels of corn, or its equivalent in other grain, to each animal, and when the market price for this is deducted from the sale money, there is no profit whatever from the animal. There is no income from the steer until he is sold, and no incidental source of profit; and when he is sold the farmer knows that he has done a large amount of hard work for nothing.

The dairyman who is making first-class Jersey butter, and putting it

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 28, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.50 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.30 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receive money and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

Australia is the next country to become an independent republic.

Detectives are hunting on the Maine border for counterfeit money passers.

Gilbert A. Pierce has been elected United States senator for North Dakota.

Yesterday the Governor sent a despatch of greeting to the sons of Maine, assembled in reunion at Chicago.

Thomas B. Reed's candidacy for Speaker of the House seems to strengthen every day. There are five candidates, Reed, McKinley, Cannon, Burrows and Henderson.

The census of 1880 showed Maine with a population of 648,936. From careful estimates of the increase since then, good judjes put our present population at 673,936.

Fifteen masked men robbed the mail car on a Santa Fe passenger train Monday night, after a long fight with the guards, in which many shots were exchanged. They secured over $20,000.

A business meeting of the New England Dairymen's Association is to be held at Fitchburg, Mass., on Wednesday Dec. 4, at 5.15 P. M. in connection with the meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture.

The Governor and Council on Thursday commuted the sentence of Chas. H. Keenan from imprisonment for life to thirty years. This with the deduction for good behavior, gives Keenan an early release.

Some fat oxen are going to the local butchers for slaughter at four and a half to five cents a pound dressed weight. Such prices are ruinously low, but the cattle are on hand and must be sold.

Senator-elect John B. Allen of the new State of Washington, is a native of Maine, having been born in York county. When a young man he worked in the mines of California, but a few years since he went to Washington, where he has been largely engaged in the real estate business.

Samples of the ground coffee sold in the markets have been analyzed and found to contain chicory, turnips, rye, acorns, beans, peas and sawdust. Once in a great while, traces of real, genuine coffee were found, but the analysts thought probably it was placed there by mistake, and did not think them worth mentioning.

The annual meeting of the Maine State College was held Tuesday. Members of the board present were: Messrs. Strickland, Haines, Alden and Moore. The following officers were elected: W. H. Strickland, Bangor, president; W. T. Haines, Waterville, secretary; Prof. George H. Hamlin, Orono, treasurer. Farm committee, Strickland, Alden, Moore; executive committee, Strickland, Haines, Shepherd.

The well and widely known Sturtevant farm, located on Sturtevant hill in Winthrop, has been sold to A. T. Clifford & Son, formerly of Leeds, and is to be stocked up for a dairy farm. The farm contains 300 acres of land, all of which is first class highland soil, and has long been known as one of the best farms in the State. The Messrs. Clifford are noted dairymen having for several years conducted the celebrated Lane dairy farm in Leeds, and with marked success.

The report comes from Hartford that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is slightly demented. She has become again a child, and day by day she wanders around under the bare boughs of the autumn trees, gathering their dead leaves. She is provided with a nurse, but is allowed freely to go about the house. She is perfectly quiet, and has no violent fancies. The trouble seems to be a gradual wearing away of all of the faculties.

Albert Boulton, of Albany, Australia, is in Chicago. To a reporter he said: "The project of consolidating the Australian continent into one powerful State is slowly but surely gaining ground. Within two years a definite plan for the founding of a new nation will be forwarded to the colonial office for the indorsment of the crown. Before long, and without the slightest commotion in England or in Australia, the mother country will see this great group of her colonies pass into the new nation of the United States of Australia. As an independent Republic, Australia will be a mighty maritime power."

Hon. Isaac T. Hobson of Wiscasset, died suddenly Friday night, of heart disease, aged 68 years. For many years he has been a lumber manufacturer. He was a prominent citizen, and will be mourned by a large number of former employés and by citizens generally. He was an original and prominent member of the republican party, and had served repeatedly in the Senate and House of Representatives. He leaves a widow, two sons, Henry D., in business in New York, and George P. F., clerk of courts of Lincoln county, and a daughter. Mr. Hobson was born in Buxton, and went to Wiscasset in 1850.

Authentic reports from the African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, give promise that he will arrive with his party at Zanzibar within the next week, when full details concerning this last remarkable expedition of his may be expected. New discoveries concerning the great interior sea of Victoria Nyanza are reported from him, and his expedition, aside from its main purpose, the relief of Emin Bey, will doubtless prove to have been an important one. Every added bit of knowledge concerning the interior of this great dark continent only helps solve the problem of how it is to be opened up to civilization, and its immense resources be placed in the way of receiving their proper development.

An esteemed subscriber, Mr. L. S. Stowe of Bethel, after speaking of the satisfaction received from the weekly visits of the "good old *Farmer*," thus speaks of his two smart boys: "My two boys, Evie L. and Ivan L., aged six and seven years, respectively, have driven two yokes of oxen the past season, to plow, harrow, etc., some ten acres of land, spring and fall, besides a large amount of other work, which is quite an item on a farm, I assure you. And either of them can make a pretty good showing with the goad-stick alone, as the neighbors can testify. My brother farmers, let us subscribe for and contribute to this paper so freely, that a fresh impetus may be given to the farming interests of our goodly State." We thank our friend for his kindly words.

Everything is lovely in the United States of Brazil. The new government has even been blessed by "the church." Word comes from Rio de Janeiro that Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation have recognised the Brazilian Republic. It is probable that the precedent thus set will be promptly followed by other South American States, and that the way will gradually be made easy for a general recognition of the new Republican Government. Meanwhile the situation, both at the capital and in the provinces, remains tranquil, and the revolution of last week, bloodless from the outset, promises to carry itself through to a highly successful and fortunate issue. Recognition will doubtless soon be extended by our government. The inscription on the flag of the new republic is "Order and Progress." The people everywhere seem to recognise the change in the government, and all is quiet. The provisional government has issued a decree establishing universal suffrage.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD. The people of Maine have a justifiable pride in the Maine Central Railroad and its excellent management. In its main lines and its ramifications it is like a net work covering the State and helping in the broadening and augmentation of business. We are glad to see by the annual report, which has just been put into our hands, that the past year has been a prosperous one. The net results of the financial year just closed, show a surplus of $64,604.55, after payment of all fixed charges and taxes, operating expenses and two semi-annual dividends of 3 per cent. each.

While this is a very satisfactory showing for the year's business, it is more satisfactory as indicating the steady growth of business along the line. It goes far to confirm what is not generally known, that Maine has at last taken her place among the growing and progressive States of the Union.

The President, Arthur Sewall, Esq., in his report, says: "To those acquainted with the history of Maine's recent rapid advance in prosperity, it is plain that her need to-day is greater railroad facilities, and this need it is the policy of this company to supply as fast as prudence and conservative management permit. But a small part of the territory of Maine can now be reached by rail. The fertile fields of Aroostook, and the valuable forests along her northern borders, are as yet practically inaccessible. When Maine shall have the means of transportation demanded by her great and undeveloped resources, the tide of emigration, which is already checked, will turn. Her people who have left her during the last decade will come back, immigrants to their native State, where ample opportunity is afforded for all their enterprise and capital.

During the past year 34 miles of road have been constructed; the extension of the Portland & Ogdensburg division from Fayban's to Scott's Mills, 17 miles, and from Dexter to Dover and Foxcroft, 17 miles.

The latter road was built by the Dexter & Piscataquis Railroad Company, and a perpetual lease was taken by this company at $12,500 per annum.

Other important extensions are under consideration, the construction of which it is hoped will commence next year.

Since the last report the property has been much improved, and the cost of all such improvements, excepting those on the Portland & Ogdensburg Railway, and purchase of real estate, have been charged to operating expenses."

The talented and able General Manager, Payson Tucker, Esq., states in his report that the total number of passengers transported for the year was 1,758,088; an increase over the previous year of 236,237, or 15.52 per centum. The total amount of freight transported over the main line and branches for the year was 1,329,326 tons; an increase over the previous year of 318,392 tons, or 31.49 per centum.

The earnings for passengers were $1,645,335.84. The earnings for the transportation of freight were $1,991,019.64. The earnings for transportation of mails, baggage, express, etc., were $191,806.03. The total gross transportation earnings for the twelve months were $3,828,161.51. The number of miles run by passenger trains was 1,286,902; and by freight trains, 970,271; and by working trains, switching, etc., 984,974; making the total number of miles run, 3,242,147.

The locomotive equipment has been increased during the year by nine engines, eight built by the Portland Company, and one at the shops. There have been built at the company shops: Platform freight cars, 150; box cars, 29; freight saloon cars, four; workmen's cars, five; second class passenger cars, two.

The amount of coal and wood used is: Bituminous coal, 79,847 105-2240 tons; 76,531 1260-2240 tons were used for locomotives, and the remainder for engines in shops and water stations; anthracite coal, 4,968 1970-2240 tons; 2,570 tons of this coal were used in heating passenger and freight stations; 1,301 760-2240 tons for steam ferry between Mt. Desert Ferry and Bar Harbor; 385 850-2240 tons for warming passenger cars; the rest for engine houses. Wood, 1607 cords, distributed as follows: To locomotive, 178 cords; to shops, 11 cords; to passenger cars, 45 cords; and the remainder to engine houses, water stations and freight trains. A large number of side tracks have been laid, 15 miles of track ballasted, using 28,000 cubic yards of gravel. 28,440 rods of fence have been built this year. Of this amount 25,450 rods were barbed wire, 2,327 rods were board, and 663 rods were cedar rail. A considerable amount of work has been done in rebuilding and repairing stations the past year, as well as in rebuilding bridges.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES. The farmers' Institute at Fayette, appointed for Friday of last week, was postponed on account of the severe storm of that day. All the speakers were promptly on the ground, but the storm was too severe for the people to turn out. It was postponed to Friday, Dec. 27, from which time there will be no further posponement on account of weather. The programme is to be the same as before advertised.

An institute for Waldo county has been appointed, to be held at Freedom, Tuesday, Dec. 10. The local managers will spare no pains to have this a model meeting. A large attendance is promised of the wide-awake farmers of the county. Good music will enliven the occasion, and dinner is to be served at the hall. The President and Secretary of the board, and the Oxford and Sagadahoc members, are to have part in the exercises.

THE RULING PASSION. A lady living but a few miles from this city, was recently on her dying bed, the sands of life being very nearly exhausted. A neighbor entered the room who owed the invalid a dollar, and passed it to her. One of the attendants remarked that "Aunt" was too far gone, ever to need the money. This aroused the lady, who asked, sharply, "what is that you say?" at the same time grasping the silver dollar as though it was the most precious thing on earth. In a few minutes she breathed her last, with the dollar held tightly in her hand. The settlement of her estate reveals property to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars, yet her last conscious act was the concentration of her soul's affection upon that solitary dollar.

SANDY RIVER RAILROAD. The annual meeting of the Sandy River Railroad Company was held in Phillips, Wednesday, at which the following officers were elected: President and Superintendent, N. B. Beal, Phillips; Clerk, Daniel M. Bonney; Treasurer and General Ticket Agent, J. E. Thompson, Phillips; Directors, N. B. Beal, Phillips, D. M. Bonney, J. H. Bonney, Farmington, G. D. Willis, Bath, Joel Wilbur, Phillips. The reports of the officers show the road to be in excellent condition, and making money. Twenty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-nine passengers were carried the past year, and 15,774 tons of freight. The net earnings were $8,181.-63, an increase in the earnings over last year of $1,462.57.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The fall meeting of the Maine Historical Society was held in Portland, Thursday, with a good attendance. Rev. Dr. Burrage read a paper on the "Beginnings of Waterville College," and a sketch of its first president, Rev. Dr. Chaplin. George F. Emery read a tribute to Cyrus Woodman. Hon. Joseph Williamson read a letter from Port Royal in 1806, the first publication written in Maine. Parker M. Reed of Bath, read an account of John Parker. In the evening President A. W. Small of Colby University, read a paper on the "Promises and Method of American Constitutional History."

The eighty-eighth Annual Catalogue of Bowdoin College, 1889-90, just issued, and which we have received, shows a teaching force of 26 professors and instructors, and 201 students, of whom 184 are in the academic department.

The barns of C. Webster, at Orchard Hill farm, Valley Falls, Kan., were burned Sunday morning, with four noted stallions, Evanmond, Prairie Wilkes, Joe Larkin and Weaglemont. Loss, $75,000.

In the new State of North Dakota, on Monday, Lyman R. Casey was elected United States Senator, being the tenth ballot taken on the second Senator.

DEATH OF COL. ALDEN. Our well known citizen, Col. Darius Alden, died at his residence on State street, on Thursday evening last. He had been in feeble health for some time, although able to attend to business until about ten days previous to his death. He was born in Belfast, March 5th, 1809, and was 80 years and 8 months old at the time of his death. Col. Alden's wife died several years ago. Five children survive him, Mrs. Gardner C. Vose, Miss Nellie Alden of this city, Mrs. Thomas F. Shaw of Portland, Mr. George A. Alden of Waterville, and Mr. Charles F. Alden of Iowa.

When Col. Alden came to Augusta, in his early manhood, he followed the trade of a hatter and furrier. He remained here two years and then went to Massachusetts, and for two years more worked in a fur hat factory, when he returned to Augusta and opened a hat and fur store on his own account. To this business he devoted his time and energies for a number of years, during which he accumulated quite a handsome property for those days. Then he went into general trade, buying everything that he thought he could make a dollar on, and in this new field of activity he was equally successful, and added largely to his gains. He was possessed of remarkable insight and sagacity as a business man, besides being bold in his ventures. His pluck and perseverance were marked characteristics, and bridged him over places where many other men would have failed.

About this time the old Portland & Kennebec Railroad, now a portion of the Trunk line of the Maine Central, had been running a few years, and was really a bankrupt enterprise. Col. Alden had long foreseen that there was a future for this road, and he conceived the idea of buying out the interest of Hon. Reuel Williams of Augusta, who was then the biggest stockholder. So confident was he that if the road was properly managed, it had a great future before it as an important avenue of commerce, and he went one day into the court house and mentioned the matter to Judge Rice. "Judge," said he, "resign your seat on the bench and go with me into railroading, and we'll both make our fortunes." For two years he labored with the Judge to go into a syndicate that he proposed, and buy the Williams stock, which would give it the control of the road. Col. Alden's scheme was successful. The syndicate was formed, and the whole of Mr. Williams' interest was purchased for from $120,000 to $130,000, which cost him $300,000. The syndicate was composed of Judge Richard D. Rice, N. M. Whitmore of Gardiner, Marshall Hagar of Richmond, John and Geo. F. Patten of Bath, Wm. D. Sewall of Bath, John B. Brown and George F. Shapley of Portland, Benjamin H. Cushman, Superintendent of the road, and Darius Alden, and all are now dead, excepting Mr. Whitmore. After the trade with Williams was consummated, the syndicate was organized and commenced running the road. It was run down and destitute of everything, there not being tools enough along the entire line to stock the shop of a common machinist. But they went at it, borrowed $300,000, put the road in running order; the war came on, money was coined, and the syndicate became rich by the rise in the stock. Col. Alden became the largest individual stockholder in the Maine Central, owning 2670 shares, and for years had been one of its Directors. He was also interested in other railroad properties, but not to the extent that he was in the Maine Central. When the Pacific Bank of Boston went under, a few years ago, the wreck cost him $175,000, but he never lost a wink of sleep on account of the disaster, and soon made it up on other speculations. He had been one of the Directors of the Granite Nations Bank for fifty years, and its President since 1865. He leaves a fortune, which is estimated at one million of dollars.

The efforts of Col. Alden in standing up for the interests of Augusta, when the question came repeatedly of the removal of the railroad shops from the city, should be ever gratefully remembered by our people. His intense interest in business did not rob him of the gentler feelings that are developed in the home and by the fireside; and here he was always found the tender and considerate husband and father, the indulgent grandfather, and the kind neighbor. No worthy cause ever appealed to him in vain.

The funeral was held at the late residence of the deceased on Sunday afternoon, and was in charge of Mr. Wm. S. Badger; Rev. Mr. Griffin of the Unitarian church, conducting the services. Special trains from Portland and Waterville were run, and many railroad men attended. The remains were interred in the family lot in Forest Grove Cemetery.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE LIQUOR LAW. Governor Burleigh has sent the following communications—one to the secretary of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, and the other to the Sheriffs and County Attorneys of Penobscot, Cumberland and Knox counties:

STATE OF MAINE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, Nov. 25, 1889.

Hon. Geo. E. Brackett, Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, Belfast:—

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter containing the following copy of a resolution passed during my absence from the State, at the semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Presque Isle on the second day of October:

"Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, representing over eighteen thousand residents of the State, demand of the Governor and Council through the officers of the State, a better enforcement of the prohibitory law throughout the State, and notably in the counties of Penobscot, Cumberland and Knox, as the county officials are neglectful of their duties and the State government must assume the responsibility of the open and defiant violations of law."

On the 25th day of June last, I addressed a communication to you, calling special attention to the necessity of a vigorous and faithful execution of the laws relating to the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Both by Constitutional provision and statutory enactments it becomes the imperative duty of all officers chosen to execute these laws, to execute them according to their spirit and intent.

Confidently assuming that you agree with me as to the binding force of these statutes, I would repeat and renew my former request that they be energetically and impartially enforced.

Very respectfully yours,
EDWIN C. BURLEIGH,
Governor.

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During the fourteen years which Charles P. Dorr, Esq., has been Register of Probate of Hancock county, he has missed attending only one term of court, and then he was unavoidably absent out of town. This is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that in all that time there have never been less than twelve, and part of the time thirteen, terms a year, and in the aggregate not less than 175 terms.

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION. News from the explorer, Stanley, is always of interest to the public. A London despatch dated Nov. 24th, says: Mackinnon, chairman of the Emin Relief Committee, received a letter from Stanley, dated Aug. 5th, written at Kafurro, an Arab settlement on the Karagwe. Stanley recounts the arrangements made by him to meet Emin. After describing how he hunted up the missing rear column, continues: "I have already told you the rear of the column was in a deplorable state. Out of 102 men remaining, I doubted whether 50 would live to reach the lake. Having collected a large number of canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in such a smooth and expeditious manner that there were remarkably few casualties in the remnant of the rear column. Wild natives, having repeatedly defeated Ugarrows raiders, and by this discovered the extent of their own strength, gave considerable trouble and inflicted considerable loss among our best men, who had always to bear the brunt of the fighting and fatigue of paddling. When progress by the river became too tedious and difficult, the order to cast off the canoes was given. This was four days' journey above Ugarrows station, and about 300 miles above Banalay. We decided that as the south bank of the Itura river was pretty well known to us, to try the north bank, although we should have to traverse for some days despoiled lands which had been a common centre for Ugarrows and Kilongalages bands of raiders. We were about 100 miles from grass land which opened up a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal, mutton, and a pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking."

He describes the daily conflicts with Wambutti dwarfs, which he found very numerous in this region. The Wambuttis clung to the north-east route. Stanley accordingly went south, and followed the elephant tracks. He says, "On Dec. 9th we were compelled to halt for forage in the middle of a vast forest, at the spot indicated by my chart, not more than two or three miles from the Ituri river, which many of our people had seen. While we resided at Fort Bodo, I sent 150 rifles to a settlement 15 miles back. The Manyema followers undertook to follow them. Each day of the absence of forage, after having occupied four days recalculating my observations from Ugarrowa to Lake Albert, I began to wonder why they did not return. On the fifth day, having distributed all the flour in the camp, and having killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision boxes to take a pound of pot butter, with two cups full of my flour, to make imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar and sago in the boxes.

"In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of the majority of the rest was most disheartening. Some could not stand, falling down in the effort to do so. These sights acted on my nerves until I began to feel moral and physical sympathy as though the weakness was contagious. Before night a Mahdi carrier died. The last of our Somalis gave signs of collapse. A few Soudanese with us were scarcely able to move. After holding a council with Bonny and chiefs, Bonny offered to stay with ten men in the camp if I provided ten days' food for each person, while I would set out in search for the missing men. Food to make a light cupful of gruel for ten men for ten days was not difficult to procure, but the sick and feeble remaining must starve unless I met with good fortune. Accordingly a store of butter, milk, flour and biscuit, was prepared and handed over to the charge of Bonny. On the afternoon of the seventh day we mustered everybody besides the garrison of the camp. Ten men, Sodi, Manigema, the Chief, surrendered fourteen of his men to their doom. Kibbobora, another chief, abandoned his brother Fundi, and another chief left one of his wives and her little boy. We left twenty-six feeble and sick wretches, all past hope unless food could be brought within twenty-four hours. We went nine miles that afternoon, and passed several dead people on the road.

"Early on the eighth day of their absence from camp we met them marching in easy fashion. When we were met our pace hastened. In twenty-four hours from leaving the starving camp we were back with an abundance of gruel and porridge, boiling plantains, roasting meat, and simmering soup. This was my nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Altogether twenty-one persons succumbed in this dreadful camp. December 12th the Ihuru river was reached. We crossed next day. For the two following days we steered through the forest regardless of paths. We reached Fort Bodo plantations on the 20th, and found Lieut. Stairs and garrison of fifty-one souls remaining out of fifty-nine left there."

During seven months of his absence Stanley had not heard a word of Emin nor Jephson. Soon after reaching the Ituri river, Jan. 9th, he left Stairs in command with 124 people, and started eastward. The people of the plains, remembering the fighting of December, 1887, flocked to his standard.

On the 16th at a place called Gaviras, messengers arrived from Kavalli with letters from Jephson and Emire, dated in November. The letters gave details of the rebellion fomented by the Egyptians while Jephson and Pasha were on the way to Regax, in which the two were made prisoners, the malcontents having fired the people with stories that Stanley and Emin were plotting to take them into slavery. The soldiers, however, took no active part and prevented indignities to the prisoners. Plans were also made by the rebels to entrap Stanley on his return and strip him of all his valuables.

Things were in this condition when the Mahdi suddenly arrived at Lado and sent dervish messengers to Pasha, demanding the instant surrender of the country. The messengers were imprisoned by the rebels with the result that the Mahdi attacked Regax, killing five officers and a number of soldiers and taking many women and children prisoners and capturing all the stores and ammunition. The officers and a large number of soldiers retired to Nuggi where they made a stand. All was then chaos and confusion and the condition of the prisoners was exceedingly unpleasant.

The letter further detailed the dangers to prisoners and garrison at Maggi from the Mahdi's gradual revulsion of feeling. The people in favor of Stanley and against the Egyptian rebels express fear of the worst if Stanley's arrival is much longer delayed. An account is there given of the attempt of the soldiers to make Regaf, and their disastrous repulse by the Mahdi, in which a number of Pasha's worst enemies were killed, and the subsequent refusal of the soldiers to fight unless the Pasha was liberated, the consequent release of the Pasha and his departure for Madelai and subsequent flight to Tunguald.

A CHIEF JUSTICE AT 31. Guy C. H. Corliss, the newly elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the new State of North Dakota, was, a little over four years ago, a member of the Bar of Dutchess county. He is nearly six feet in height, broad shouldered and angular, of swarthy complexion, has an unusually large nose and a profusion of bushy black hair. His territory in the new state covers 75,000 square miles and has 300,000 inhabitants. He enjoys the distinction of being the youngest chief justice in the history of the English-speaking people, and possibly in the history of the world, he being only 31 years of age. When the constitution of the new state was being formed in constitutional convention, some one had a clause inserted in the constitution declaring that no person should be a supreme court judge unless he had resided in Dakota five years. Young Corliss went to Bismarck, and by personal appeal, induced the convention to strike out the word "five" and insert the word "three". His majority in the election was 170,000. In one county he received all the votes but four. His salary is $4000 a year, but it is thought the first legislature of the new state will increase it.

Rev. Norman La Marsh, the blind pastor of the M. E. church at Searsport, is said to owe much of his success to his wife, who is a helpmeet indeed. She does all his reading for him, and reads over his sermons to him after he writes them, until he has committed them to memory. In the same way she reads his scripture lessons and hymns to him, until, with open book, he can announce chapter and hymn, and repeat them as if reading them. Mr. La Marsh can attend to his pastoral duties alone as well as any one with eyes could.

REMINISCENCES OF ITALY. The name of Italy is commonly suggestive of all that is most beautiful and gratifying to the senses. Our first thoughts is of blue, sunny skies and gentle breezes; of a land where nature's hand has lavishly showered her gifts, to please and captivate her children. Then we are reminded that it is to this country many young people from all lands flock for the study of the fine arts; and we come to think of it as a sort of fairy land, with everything to gratify the tastes, and but little toil and hard labor.

It was in this land of dreams that a little band of five weary travellers one day found themselves, and a good looking five they were, despite the dust and dirt of travel, and the rather deep scowls that would persist in resting upon the faces of them in consequence of some annoyance that had arisen during the latter part of the journey. But number five redeemed the others with a look of mischievous merriment that only deepened as the frowns of her companions became more threatening.

We passed through Turin, and then crossed the Appennines into Genoa, which lies at the foot of the mountains, rising from the sea like a little crescent. It was above Ugarrows station, and about 300 miles above Banalay. We decided that as the south bank of the Itura river was pretty well known to us, to try the north bank, although we should have to traverse for some days despoiled lands which had been a common centre for Ugarrows and Kilongalages bands of raiders. We were about 100 miles from grass land which opened up a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal, mutton, and a pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking."

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The best preserved ruin of Ancient Rome is the Panthenon. The portico is more than a hundred feet long. The bronze doors are probably the same that Agrippa caused to be placed there at the erection of the Temple, 25 years before Christ. This structure is now dedicated to christian worship.

The last place of interest that we visited was Naples. From here we went to the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The streets here are of lava, with a raised footpath on either side. They are, for the most part, laid out at right angles. The habits and occupations of the inhabitants have been ascertained from the names in red paint on the outside of the buildings. The first house discovered was that of Marcus Anius Diomeder. This we entered, and also the house of Sallust, the Roman historian. This is a large house, containing many paintings and works of art, some in a very good state of preservation.

A strange sensation it gives one to walk the streets of a once buried city, and enter the old houses and shops. We can imagine the happy faces and merry laughter of them who trod these paths so many years ago, and the dreadful sudden burying of all things; and it is with a shudder and almost a sense of fear, that we turn to leave these streets.

MARION N. CARR.
Gardiner.

"The Race for the Presidency" is a new parlor game, which is likely to become very popular these long evenings. It is played on a folding board in brilliant colors. Portraits of all our Presidents appear on the board, and in the center there are correct views of the United States Senate Chamber and the White House. The list of the 43 States is printed in the middle of the board and the electoral vote of each is given opposite to its name. The first stages of the game are taken up with a competitive race for mayor's chair, a governor's chair and a congressman's chair. Then follows a race for the United States Senate, and the climax is reached in a struggle between the players to carry each of the 43 States; the side which first scores 308 votes out of the total 414 in the electorial college, elects its man President, and so wins the game. The playing is done with a pack of 48 cards, numbered variously from 1000 to 10,000, and bearing pictorial representations of familiar political scenes. It is sold by toy dealers for $1.00.

Several weeks ago Henry Yaggi, son of Chris Yaggi of Knox township, Ohio, swallowed a collar button. It lodged in the lungs, and from spasms which resulted several times, it was thought the boy would die. Physicians demanded an operation, but the boy's father refused. While in one of his coughing spasms the father struck the boy a stunning blow between the shoulders. The button was thrown from the lungs and he almost fainted from joy.

Col. F. E. Boothby is the oldest official on the Maine Central, in point of service.

Grange News and Notes.

—The lady members of the Grange at Cape Elizabeth are making arrangements for a fair to be held at the hall, Spurwink, the 4th and 5th of December.

—The Pomona Grange met with the New Gloucester Grange, on Wednesday of last week. The exercises were very interesting, although there was but a small attendance on account of the storm.

—York County Grange meeting was with Alewive Grange, last week. Alewive, Biddeford, Banner, Goodwin's Mills, Hollis and Saco Granges were represented. Deputy S. M. Blake reported Grange work prospering throughout the State, and numbers steadily increasing. An able and instructive address of welcome was given by George Day, and responded to by B. F. Hamilton, after which the 5th degree was conferred upon a class of eight. After partaking of a sumptuous repast served up in their dining room, the members were again called to order, and were very agreeably entertained for an hour by the members of Alewive Grange, with a programme consisting of readings, recitations, declamations, songs, etc. The question, Resolved, that the railroads are more of an injury to the farmers of this vicinity than they are a benefit, was then introduced by Lecturer Emmons in strongly negative sentiments. A spirited discussion followed, with B. F. Hamilton, Dimon Roberts, S. M. Blake, Jacob Smith and Jerry Taylor upon the affirmative. The question was finally laid upon the table, that we might listen to remarks from Bro. O. J. Hancock, something we are always glad to do. After usual complimentary notes the meeting closed, to meet at Goodwin's Mills, the 12th of December.

—Exeter Grange, which was reorganized last February, with 30 charter members, has increased its numbers to 49, and applications for membership are received at nearly every meeting. The Grange has the free use of Exeter Mills hall, in which to hold its meetings, and consequently can boast of having as fine quarters as any Grange in the State. During this time it has equipped itself with everything needed in a first class Grange, including a nice ash set of furniture. The last purchase is a good substantial organ, and still the Grange has money in its treasury. SEC'Y.

—Gorham Grange had a lively meeting, Dec. 3d. The first and second degrees were conferred on three candidates, and at the next meeting there will be six to take the third and fourth. The time of the Grange fair has been changed to Dec. 5th and 6th.

—Buxton Grange will hold an open meeting Saturday evening, Dec. 7th. The managers of the West Buxton Creamery Association are to be present, and all interested in the subject of coöperative dairying are invited.

—Dr. G. M. Twitchell of Fairfield, lectured in Grange hall at Stratton, Nov. 7th, on "The Farmer's Opportunity." The Doctor is a very interesting speaker, and we hope to have the pleasure of listening to him again. MRS. L. D. GROSE, *Sec'y.*

DEATH OF MR. PENDLETON. Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton of Ohio, one of the best known and respected public men of the country, died at Brussels, Sunday night, from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy. His death occurred at Hotel Bellevue, where he has been lying sick six weeks. His true name was George Hunt, but he died. Funeral services were to be held in

Items of Maine News.

Wages are high in the woods for first class men.

Typhoid fever is raging at Fairfield, and a system of sewerage is demanded.

The ladies in Camden are raising money for a soldiers' monument.

About 125 men are employed at railway work about McAdam Junction.

The completed Caribou water works are said to be second to none in the State.

Chief Justice Fuller has presented to the Cumberland Bar a fine portrait of himself, 20 by 24 inches in size.

Business is improving at the Madison mills, larger orders coming in than for some time previous.

Mrs. John Morton of Norridgewock, died very suddenly, Thursday. She worked in the coat shop the day previous.

Parties are about to build a steam saw mill at North Anson, to be located near the station on land owned by Mr. Savage.

Three drunken roughs made a brutal assault on Conductor Turner of the Bangor street railway, on Thursday night.

The Portland rolling mills are employing 125 men, with a monthly pay-roll of $5500, and produce daily 130 gross tons of iron.

Hon. William Connor of Fairfield, is very sick, with but little prospect of recovery. He is 83 years of age.

Dr. Wm. E. Hatch has fifteen chapters of his History of Industry ready for the press, and the book will soon be completed.

Postmasters appointed in Maine are: C. C. Durgin, Lagrange; P. B. Cooper, Rockport; J. W. Johnston, Washington; C. F. Hancock, at Otisfield.

Ivory Earle, an aged farmer of Hollis, committed suicide, Thursday, by cutting his throat with a razor. He leaves a family.

A company known as the Calais Shipbuilding Association has been formed for the purpose of building ships. Mr. Harry Rideout has been engaged as manager.

Fred Wight, who was bitten by a wild animal in New Mexico, recently, died from blood poisoning. He formerly lived at Sprague's Mills in Aroostook county.

One of Edwin Wakefield's sons shot a fine deer a few days ago, between Brownfield and Hiram. They are getting to be quite plentiful through that section.

Rev. O. H. Stevens, a Methodist clergyman of Newfield, died Sunday night, aged sixty years. He had held many pastorates in Maine. He leaves a family.

Workmen have commenced to remove the old Baptist church on Main street, Brunswick, the new one being finished. Mr. Jordan Snow is to erect a block, probably of brick, upon the lot.

Joseph B. Ayer & Co., produce dealers, Bangor, have failed. A. F. Cleveland, confectioner, Camden, has been attached. Mrs. J. A. Waterman, grocer, North Appleton, has failed.

Business is lively in the tannery at Chesterville, and promises to continue through the winter. Fourteen hundred thirty-three dozen skins were tanned and shipped for the month of October.

The following somewhat comprehensive sign appears on a store in Garland village: "Circulating library, fishing tackle and fireworks." Verily, variety is the spice of life.

The lumber cut on Kennebec waters will be about the same as that of last season. The cut on Dead river and the Lake will exceed last year a little, and that on Moose river will be somewhat smaller.

L. A. Norton and E. Dunlap were out gunning west of H. P. Landers' orchard, about two miles from Kingfield village, and Norton shot a deer which dressed 187 lbs. His horns were broken badly, where he had been fighting.

Wesley M. Smith of Castle Hill, who was injured, last August, by a dog scaring his horse, died recently from the effects. He leaves a wife, two sons and one daughter. Mr. Smith has been master of Castle Hill Grange, a member for a number of years, and town clerk ever since he attained his majority. His age was 40 years.

Mr. Frank L. Phillips, supposed to have been drowned on the West Branch at Greenville, is alive. It seems that Mr. Phillips did not leave the camp as was thought, but John O'Connell of Miramichi, was the only person to take the canoe, which was afterwards found floating in the river. There is no doubt that O'Connell is drowned.

Good progress is being made on the new mills at Guilford. The foundations are nearly completed, and the fifty-five men employed, together with many horses, make the advancement to be very noticeable from day to day. The enterprise has been favored with fine weather the most of the time since ground was broken.

A New Bedford, Mass., despatch says: Schooner Victor, 138 tons, of Jonesport, Me., coal ladened, from New York for Saco, Me., misstayed and went ashore at 1 o'clock Thursday morning, at the Gut of Canaquit, between Naushon and Nashawena, and became a total loss. The captain and crew took to the boat and were landed safely.

During the late storm and high tide a large quantity of apples of the New York Fiquin variety floated ashore on the ice at the Cape side of Portland harbor. The shores from South Portland to Knightville were lined with them. Although the greater part of them were damaged, bushels of sound and unbruised ones were picked up.

While lying at anchor off Fort Point, Rockland, the other night, the schooner George Shattuck with wood from Bangor, to Lynn, Mass., was run into by schooner I. H. Wainwright, of Bangor. The Shattuck carried away her bowsprit and head gear, and was towed to Rockland Monday, where she will go on the South Marine Railway for repairs. The Wainwright proceeded to Bangor, having received slight damages.

The sad news has been received in Bangor, of the death in Aspen, Col., on the 10th of November, of Mr. Joseph Varney, formerly of East Bangor. He was at work in a mine on Smuggler Mountain, and was killed by a cave in. A great mass of rock and earth fell upon him, horribly crushing and mangling one side of his head and body. His death must have been instantaneous. He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Florence Grover of Bangor.

There will be lots of lumbering done at Temple this winter: O. T. Gleason has let a job to Frank Welch and has sawed lumber for Gleason's mill 25,000 spruce lumber at $5 per M., also 50 cords white birch at $3 per cord; C. A. Gould has let John Morrison the job to cut and draw to Gould's steam mill near Mt. Blue, and the sawed lumber from there to West Farmington, 400,000 spruce lumber at $6 per M; Edwin Thurston will buy poplar lumber at his mill this winter, paying $5.50 per cord, and he has let a job to Weston Hatfield and Wesley Wilder to cut and haul to his mill and from the mill to the dry house, 400 cords white birch at $4.25 per cord.

A sad story is told by an up-river lumberman in connection with the death of John O'Connell up on the West Branch. It seems that O'Connell broke through the ice while crossing the stream and went under it. He swam ashore, but when he reached it he found the ice above him to be so solid that it could not be broken. Words cannot portray the sufferings of the man during the short space of time which ensued before death came to his relief. When found, he was found the hands had clenched the grass and sod on the river bottom, and his head touched the ice above him, upon which he had evidently used all the strength in his power to break.

Mr. George Bigelow, one of the aged citizens of Skowhegan, died at the residence of Cyrus Bosworth last week. Mr. Bigelow was 83 years old at the time of his death, was born and always lived upon the Bigelow farm in that part of the town south of the river, formerly Bloomfield, and was to remove to Newport for the winter only. He was from 1845 to 1859 a member of the Board of Selectmen of Bloomfield and much of that time chairman of the board. He was twice married, and his second wife survives him. William H. Bigelow, Supt. of the Railway mail service for New England, and Augustus W. Bigelow, mail agent, are sons of the deceased.

Rockland was thrown into a state of terrible excitement, on Tuesday evening by the attempt to murder two respectable ladies. At 6 o'clock Mrs. Jacob G. Ludwig and Miss Eva Wooster, 17 years old, daughter of Mrs. Robert Wooster, were returning from shopping when on Camden street, within two minutes' walk from Mrs. Wooster's residence they were surprised by George Clough who deliberately fired two shots from a revolver both taking effect. The ball entered the neck of Mrs. Ludwig coming out at the mouth, the other ball entering the forehead of Miss Wooster near the eye. Mrs. Ludwig's wound is thought to be fatal, the ball entering the throat, cutting the jugular vein, and she doubtless died during the night. Miss Wooster's wound was not necessarily fatal. Clough escaped, but a despatch received from Rockland just as we go to press states that his dead body was found yesterday morning. He doubtless committed suicide.

Ex-Sec. Whitney, Commanders Evans and Goodrich, and several other capitalists of New York, arrived in Calais, Monday afternoon, for the purpose of examining the advantages of the St. Croix river for the erection of a pulp mill. They went immediately to Milltown and Baring to make a personal inspection of the water power at these points, after which they interviewed a large number of prominent business men of Calais with reference to the supply of lumber, building material, the price of timber, and other matters connected with the enterprise. They express themselves well pleased with the water power at Baring and the advantages which the town presents. The mill will be one of the largest in New England, the cost to be not less than four hundred thousand dollars, and its capacity thirty tons per day of manufactured pulp.

Items of General News

Mr. Robert Bonner has gone to California, to see his pet Sunol.

The United States squadron of evolution is in Boston harbor.

This season's cotton crop is estimated at from 7,200,000 to 7,800,000 bales.

The President has appointed James H. Beatty, of Idaho, Chief Justice of Idaho.

Malietoa has been restored as King of the Samoan Islands amid great rejoicing.

At the Prison Congress in Nashville, Tenn, Ex-President Hayes was chosen President.

The World's fair guarantee fund at New York now amounts to $4,310,733, including $100,000 from the Standard Oil Company.

The President has appointed James E. French of New Hampshire to be collector of internal revenue for the district of New Hampshire.

At Mahanoy Plane, Pa., an immense deposit of coal has been discovered. It is estimated that there are millions of tons of coal in the new find.

A man while at work in the fish store of Stony & Stevens, Gloucester, Mass., attempted to shut off the electric light with a wet iron gaff, which he held in his hand, and was instantly killed.

Pauline Gowith, 18 years old, was shot on Thursday in New York, by George Chingo, an Italian, 39 years old, who wanted the girl to marry him, though she said she was already married.

At Moorville, Mich., Wednesday night, Mrs. Alfred Strong, an insane woman, forced her daughter to drink a glass of a solution of Paris green, and then drank of the same stuff herself. Both the women died.

The President has appointed Thomas Clay McDowell of Kentucky, collector of internal revenue for the seventh district of Kentucky in place of W. C. Goodloe, deceased. McDowell is a son-in-law of the late Colonel Goodloe.

The Federal Steel Company, the gigantic corporation formed for the purpose of combining all the wire, wire nail and barbed wire manufacturing plants of the country, and controlling these three great industries, has been formally organized at Cleveland, O.

Charles Montgomery, owner of the American Exchange Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., well known through his charitable work, has made a statement showing that he has been swindled out of $30,000 and forced to make an assignment. He was swindled by a confidence man whom he foolishly took into copartnership.

The centennial celebration of the ratification by North Carolina of the federal constitution began at Fayetteville, Wednesday. Governor Fowle made a stirring and patriotic speech, in which he paid a glowing tribute to the constitution as an instrument which should have the support of patriots and sagacious statesman, and by far the best model of civil government which human virtue and wisdom have ever devised.

Walter F. Pray, aged 22 years, a half-witted son of E. H. Pray of Weymouth, Mass., murdered the three year old son of Phillip Fisher Thursday morning, by burying the child alive in the back yard of Elmer Dutton's residence. Pray confessed his guilt. His statements are rambling and it is impossible to tell how and why he committed the deed. The body was found about six o'clock, Pray showing the officers where it was buried.

A fearful storm struck Newburn, N. C., Tuesday, coming from the southwest, at 1 P. M. S. H. Gray's plate and pulp factory, in which were sixty hands was levelled to the ground. One employer was instantly killed and another mortally wounded. Eight others were injured. The factory was valued at $60,000. The damage to the house and stock is estimated at $8,000. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, unroofing houses and blowing down chimneys, trees and fences.

The recorder of Dubois county, Ind., recently discovered that over 450 farms in that county have no valid United States title on record. The tracts of land were entered 50 and 60 years ago, when Indiana was comprised in the Northwest Territory, the land office being in Vincennes. The original purchasers neglected to procure deeds and from them down to the present it is clearly the claim of the title is defective, although, in most cases the lands have been transferred by sale several times.

A freight train on the South Shore road got from the control of the engineer as it was nearing Marquette, Mich., on a heavy down grade, shortly before midnight Thursday night. It rushed through the city at a frightful speed, and at a point where the track curves to follow the Lake Shore, the engine left the rails, going down a 12 foot embankment. The engineer was killed, being caught under the engine, which turned over. The fireman got off with light injuries, but the brakeman is badly smashed up and will hardly recover.

By the will of the late J. Warren Merrill of Cambridge, Mass., the following public bequests were made: Baldwin place Home for Little Wanderers, $5,000; American Baptist Missionary Union, $50,000; American Baptist Home Mission, $50,000; American Baptist Home Mission Society, $10,000; Colby University, $10,000; Newton Theological Institution, $20,000; Conference of the Baptist Ministers, $10,000; Massachusetts Baptist Convention, $5,000; trustees of the Daniel White Charity, $5,000; Brown University, $10,000; Vassar College, $10,000.

A bold burglary in broad daylight was committed on Sixth avenue, New York, Thursday afternoon, and the robbers got away with $6000 worth of diamond rings, gold watches and other jewelry. The scene of the burglary was B. Silberstein & Son's jewelry store and pawn shop at 10 Sixth avenue. The store has double doors, the outer of which is open in the day time, being made of iron. Two men were loitering around the store during the afternoon. Silberstein and his son were in the store when one of the men shut the iron door and snapped the lock on it, locking the proprietors in. One of the men smashed the window with a brick and grabbed six trays of jewelry on show and both men ran up Sixth avenue. Silberstein put his head through the hole in the window and shouted "police." The men were seen to drop their plunder into a bag and run across 19th street. After that all traces of them were lost.

A terrible conflagration occurred in Lynn, Mass., Tuesday afternoon, which licked up in the remorseless flames the busy streets of the city, sweeping like a hurricane over a square mile of business blocks, and entailing a loss of ten millions of dollars. There has been no fire in any ways like it in New England with the possible exception of the great fires in Boston and Portland. The fire started just before 12 o'clock noon, in Mower's large wooden building on Almont street, communicated to a six-story brick block. When these two buildings got well under way it was evident that a terrible conflagration would result. Almost simultaneously the four story wooden shoe factory of Bennett & Barnard on Central avenue and the four story wooden building on Almont street caught fire. It burned a territory bounded by the following streets: Almont, Central avenue at its junction with Willow, Union street from its junction with Broad to Boyden block, on both sides; Mt. Vernon street entire, Central square entire, Beach street, both sides as far as N. Lee's lumber yard; Washington street, from Munroe through to Union; Railroad avenue, all Exchange street, Broad street from the engine house, both sides, as far as the corner of Exchange; Spring street entire, besides dwelling houses too numerous to mention on Suffolk, Lafayette, Sagamore and Beach streets. The fire did not stop until it had reached the ocean. Four daily newspapers were burned out, the Item, Bee, Press and News, three after noon and one morning. Three national banks, the Central, Security and First National and the Lynn Institution for savings located in the First National block were wiped out. Twelve finest shoe blocks in the city are in ruins, also about twenty-five stores. Dwelling houses innumerable were swept away. Mothers took their children in their arms and fled from the devastation. The churches had to be thrown open to families. Even thieves came down from Boston to plunder the people. The fire department, with help from abroad, was almost powerless. Dynamite and powder were used to blow up wooden buildings with little effect. The fire virtually burned itself out at 7.30, and was considered under control. Two hundred families are rendered homeless. The leading insurance companies suffer greatly in the disaster. The following estimated losses give an idea of the calamity: Mower Bros., shoe manufactures, $100,000; Lynn Bee, $20,000; Lynn Press, $20,000; C. M. Stevens, $50,000; F. W. Abergengreen, $20,000; W. M. Currier, $30,000; B. F. Spinney & Co., $60,000; J. G. Brown, $40,000; Arthur Fuller, $60,000; John S. Bartlett & Co., $60,000; W. B. Cushing & Co., $30,000; C. J. Little, $15,000; J. N. Smith, $30,000; Chas. & D. S. Bufium, $75,000; Amos A. Breed, $75,000; Luther S. Johnson & Co., $30,000; S. O. Hollis, $20,000; Francis W. Breed, $45,000; Kelley & Murphy, $11,000; Tucker cigar store, $5,000; Goldthwaite's stables, $4,000; Situs & Buckley, $20,000; Chas. O. Beede, $30,000; W. C. Thompson, $12,000; John S. Earle, $40,000; J. F. Swain & Co., $20,000; Davis Shoe Co., $30,000; Houghton & Godfrey, $25,000; Breed & Badger, $12,000; C. D. Pecker & Co., $32,000; W. R. Blanchard, $15,000; W. H. Holt, Jr., $13,000; Breed & Holder, $30,000; Hoyt Bros., $27,000; J. N. Pike, $18,000; John P. Woodbury, $23,000; E. W. & C. F. Mower, $32,000; J. B. Benton, $18,000; Oxford Club, $6000; Lynn Institution for Savings, $55,000; P. A. Chase, $30,000; V. K. & A. A. Jones, $75,000; C. M. Howard & Co., $23,000; P. P. Tapley & Co., $40,000; M. H. Abbott, $30,000; E. H. Ashcroft, $50,000; H. A. Bevear, $30,000; G. W. Emerson & Co., $10,000; E. E. Elder, $40,000; M. V. Bresnahan, $5000; Peter Dohnson & Co., $6000; Harnden & Blanchard, $15,000. This is only a partial list.

ACCIDENTS. As Mr. Elisha Park was engaged in matching some boards for O. D. Ripley of Boan's Corner, Chesterville, in attempting to oil the bearings of the matcher, his right hand was caught by the sharp irons which were rapidly revolving, and with great force, so that the third finger was torn entirely away, lacerating two others so badly as to require their removal together with the knuckle joints. Some fearful cuts were also made in the wrist, severing cords and arteries, and leaving the flesh hanging in shreds. He is as comfortable as could be expected.——Mr. Gilbert Miller of Wilton, who was injured by a fall, several weeks ago, is now able to move round some by the use of crutches.

——Mrs. Edw. Webber of North Anson, met with a painful accident; while in the woodshed, she fell across the door sill in such a manner that the hip was partially dislocated. It slipped back into place, but she suffers from the severe strain.—A few days ago Rev. Samuel Savage of North Anson was up to Carratunk Falls, and while there took his horse out and hitched it a short distance from the wagon. The crews were blasting at the time, when a stone weighing about 60 pounds was thrown over the tops of tall trees, striking Mr. Savage's wagon, Mr. Savage's horse and completely demolishing it. The stone buried itself eight inches in the ground. A little more and the horse would have been instantly killed.—Mr. Stephen Hall, whose home was in St. Albans, but who has been at work in the tin shop and stove store of Mr. E. H. Page of Guilford, was busy at his bench. Directly behind him was a very large wood fire blazing stoves from the floor below where they were stored. A young man working in the room with Mr. Hall had opened this door and told him that the trap was up. It seems, however, that he did not realize this fact, for shortly afterwards he stepped back and fell through. The distance was about ten feet, and his head struck on a stone wall. His death occurred a few hours afterwards.——Calvin F. Copp, oldest son of George and Martha Copp, of Embden, was killed near Revere, Mass., last week. His age was 27 years. He was a brakeman on the Boston & Maine railroad, and while on the top of a car was struck by an overhead bridge, resulting in instant death. His remains were brought to his grief-stricken parents for burial.——Thomas Hall of Lewiston, 21 years old, a brakeman between Gorham and Portland, was injured in the yard at Gorham, Thursday, while shackling cars, and lived about forty minutes. His father, mother and two sisters live in Lewiston.——Brakeman S. C. Curry, of the Grand Trunk, was caught between two cars while coupling, Thursday, and had two ribs broken, collar bone broken. He was otherwise bruised and injured, but will probably recover.——While Absalom Garden was skating on Collins' Pond, Caribou, the ice gave way, and he was suddenly immersed. His situation was a perilous one, but Harry Bailey hastened to the rescue, but he too fell in. The young men were finally rescued.——Mr. Frank Mason of Porter, met with a sad accident which has deprived him of the sight of one eye, and the other is somewhat affected. While at work in his shop, a very long piece flew from a piece of steel he was working, and entered his eye near the pupil.——E. H. Twombly of Burnham, a brakeman on the Maine Central Railroad, while shackling cars at Pittsfield, Saturday evening, was tripped by the switch rod on the track, and fell beneath the wheels of the engine. Six wheels passed over his right arm, and otherwise injured him. It is doubtful if he recovers.—Alton Doe of Veazie, aged 16 years, was accidentally shot Tuesday afternoon, while hunting with two other boys, by the accidental discharge of a gun. He started out in the morning, and while fooling, the gun's charge entered his left side and came out the other. His father and mother live at Veazie.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Revival services under the direction of Rev. B. Minard, evangelist, are being held at Bean's Corner, Chesterville. Christians are being strengthened, backsliders reclaimed, and sinners are seeking the Lord, while others are becoming anxious concerning their eternal interests.—— The Congregational church at Madison is being supplied at present by a student from the Bangor Theological Seminary.——A move is being made to raise funds to build a new church at Moose River. The house now used for religious services is much too small and is needed for the district school.——Some $400 has been subscribed.—— The Nobleboro Baptists have just dedicated a new church. The church there was organized in 1793. The old meeting house has been entirely rebuilt, and presents a very fine appearance.——Rev. Mr. Davis of Pennsylvania, who has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Wilton, and signified his acceptance, has written a letter to the society stating that he cannot see his way clear to leave his present charge, and begs to be allowed to remain where he now is.——Rev. J. P. Longley of Madison, has supplied the Free Baptist pulpit on Blackwell Hill the past summer. He is eighty years old and will commence a series of revival meetings, in a few days with his church.——Quite a religious interest has been in progress in West Farmington for several weeks, during which there has been a number of conversions. The work is being conducted by Rev. D. B. Gunn, State missionary for the Baptists, and J. M. Hunter of Princeton, who for years past has been employed by the American Bible Society as colporteur in Washington county.——Rev. Uriah Drew of the Baptist church, Ludlow, baptized four converts recently, and received six new members into the church.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS. The Good Templars are putting in some organizing work this autumn. The following lodges were instituted last week: Sebasticook No. 101, at Burnham; Guilford Mountain No. 97, at Guilford; and Highland No. 115, at Old Orchard. These represent every section of the State, and indicate how the distribution of the order in Maine, as there is a lodge in nearly every town in the State, some having two or three, and Little Deer Isle five flourishing ones.

For two years past there has been an insurance company against burglaries, flourishing in London. According to their regular rates you can insure the contents of your residence, or the damage to it through burglary, or any special article you desire.

Items and Incidents.

Benjamin Harrison was in the police court, Washington, last week, for an assault, and Levi Morton was found to be insane. Both men are colored.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases of affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

A large party of Mormons from Salt Lake City are said to be looking for new homes in the Northwest Territory, Can.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills: they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

Mr. Brookmire of St. Louis, will erect a $6000 cottage at Biddeford Pool next season.

FROM A RAINDROP TO A GEYSER, —the wonders of water in various forms,—is the subject of an article which the great English scientist, Professor Tyndall, has written for the coming volume of the *Youth's Companion*. Popular scientific articles need also be contributed by Professors N. S. Shaler, Professor John Trowbridge, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Dr. William A. Hammond, Lieutenant Schwatka and Dr. St. John Roosa.

The Chicago gas trust is said to be making arrangements to light the city with natural gas.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA,
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

The production of steel rails in this country increased 600,000 tons from 1885 to 1886.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge. 1549?

The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Switzerland, has resolved to banish cats from the republic, on the ground that they are killing off the birds.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Austin Corbin, who continues his interest in Newport, N. H., his native town, proposes planting several buffaloes on his farms. It is believed at no distant day he will carry out the scheme of a deer park that he has had under consideration for some years.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Nov. 26, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
J. S. Weller,		200	
Wheeler & Libby,		200	
I. C. Libby,	36		30
C. H. Merrill,	28		8
W. W. Hall & Son,	23		6
B. W. Harriman,	17		6
Trafton & McIntire,	34		18
J. T. Keizer,	23	33	1
E. L. Libby,	19		2
Bangor Beef,	1		
H. T. Libby,	7		9

WHOLE AMOUNT OF LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 2,881; sheep, 6,535; hogs, 27,361; veals, 590; horses, 639.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 158; sheep, 433; veals, 87; horses, 53.

Cattle shipped to England—1643 head this week, 908 last. Prices reported easy; American cattle quoted at 10½c dressed weight.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

No particular change in the price of beef cattle, the range being 4 to 6c dressed weight; yet cattle could be fine and fat enough to bring 6¼c dressed weight.

Sheep and lamb market—One-fourth cent advance on all grades, brought about more by the "big firm" attempting a corner than lack of supply, as very few are needed poultry week. Best lambs brought 6c; best sheep, 4¾c, live weight, and so down the scale of prices.

Hogs got tired and squealed; a half cent off, dressed weight, 5c being the highest bids.

Veal calves were in better demand, and a ½ cent rise claimed and realized in some instances, 5½c being the top, and one dollar and a half for young calves.

Milch cows—A light run, and a correspondingly light call. No change in prices, although lower rates are looked for after the holidays. None but fancy young cows in request at a high price.

Working oxen—The same old story, "low prices" are bid, and under existing circumstances, the very low price of hay, we look for store cattle and workers to drop out of the market.

Horses—Some demand reported for loggers, at a low price; good teams can be bought at $300 to $400, which discourages production in Maine, as the price would not be remunerative to the grower.

Poultry, alive and dressed, holds high carnival this week, and puts all other classes of meat into the shade. The weather being fine, the various classes of birds sell well. Turkeys are the leaders, a consignment on Boston market, 20 to 25c.

TRANSACTIONS AT THE SALE YARDS.

W. W. Hall & Son sold 2 oxen, 1000 lbs. each, at 5½c dressed weight; 1 do, 1400 lbs., at 6c; 3 steers that weighed 4100 lbs., for 2¾c live weight; 8 veals, 1040 lbs., at 5½c. B. W. Harriman, 3 oxen at 3½c live weight; 3 do at 4½c. These cattle were weighed from the "slips" without water. This price live was equal to 5 and 6c dressed weight; 11 cows and springers at a range of $18 to $42. Trafton & McIntire, 3 oxen, 4000 lbs., at 2¾c; 2 choice cows and calves, 15 veals, 5½c. C. H. Merrill sold 2 springers at $95; veals, 5½c. H. I. Libby sold 3 cows for $120; 1 springer at $42; veals, 5½c. E. L. Libby sold 2 oxen for fancy live weight; 3 cows for $125. J. S. Weller sold lambs at 5½c. Wheeler & Libby sold choice 110 lb. sheep at 4½c; 70 lb. lambs, 5¾c. I. C. Libby sold one-half blood Holstein cow for $60, raised and fed by Freeman Atwood of Monroe, one of Waldo county's successful farmers who knows how to fit animals for market so they will be appreciated; 2 oxen, 6 ft. 6 in., 2400 lbs., at $65.

REMARKS.

This will go for a quiet week at the stock yards, although prices were sustained and clearances made as well as was expected, this week we are acting under the leadership of poultry, which, by common consent, is allowed full sway, other kinds of meat taking the back ground. Several States are represented at Boston market by the dealers, in instances by the consignment of the farmer, the actual producer, who comes down with his product to convert it into cash, which is being done this season in huge style, and, strange to say, no Maine man has come to the front with coops of chickens and turkeys, which would yield him one hundred per cent. profit. On the other hand, several Maine men are here buying poultry for Maine's consumption, and it is estimated that one car load will be shipped from Boston to Maine, and the great conundrum is, why does this condition of things exist, when in Maine we have such vast fields for the production of those birds, and grasshoppers, caterpillars and potato bugs enough to grow thousands of tons? The only excuse is, very many of the slack, no, not exactly slack, but lazy farmers, will not take the pains to start an operation where no capital is required, only a little care, some labor, five dollars' worth of eggs, and the services of a few "clucking hens" to start an operation that never fails to yield great results. If some of our faultfinding, grumbling, croaking Maine men, who curse their ancestry for settling in such a hard country, could be here and see a wide awake New Yorker, who brought to this market six tons of turkeys, all his own growth, for which he is receiving over $400 per ton, they might possibly enthuse and study the poultry question, and wake up and launch out and take upon themselves the enormous risk and responsibility of setting a few hens next season, which, if cared for, will surely earn them fourfold.

I. C. LIBBY.

SALES AT BRIGHTON.

J. D. Hosmer sold 1 pair working oxen, girthing 6 ft., 10 in., live weight 2800 lbs., at $170; 1 steer, girth 7 ft., live weight 3000 lbs., at $100; 1 pair, girth 7 ft., 6 in., live weight 3300 lbs., at $125. I. C. Libby & Son sold 15 milch cows and springers at $25@55 per head. P. W. Thompson sold 1 pair working oxen, girth 7 ft., 6 in., live weight 3640 lbs., at 3½c. E. A. Thompson sold 1 two year old heifer for $15; 1 pair three year old steers, 2200 lbs., at $60; 1 pair, 6 ft., 7 in. cattle, live weight 3700 lbs., at $80; 4 yearlings at $8.50 each; 1 springer, $33. W. W. Hall & Son sold 2 springers at $35 each; 4 milch cows at $40 each. W. Scollans sold 3 milch cows at $45 each; 2 do at $40 each; 2 at $37.50 each; 2 nice cows at $50 each. J. S. Henry sold 1 cow at $35; 2 do. at $40 each; 3 do. at $48 each; 1 nice cow, $56; 3 do. at $55 each. J. Melloy sold 1 springer and 1 milker at $47.50 each; 1 springer, $55. W. T. Gibson sold 1 milch cow at $45. Remick & Cheney sold 1 very fancy Holstein milker at $75; and some other milkers at $35@50.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27.

APPLES—Evaporated, 8@11c per lb.; dried, 2c; green apples 60@75c per bushel. Baldwins and Greenings, $2 00@2 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 50@2 75.

BUTTER—Good Firkin 18c; Ball Butter 18 @22c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 10@12c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Limed, 20c; fresh, 26@27c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 00@5 50; Patent 6 00@6 50.

GRAIN—Corn 55c; oats 45c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Ox hides, 3½c, dividing on 50 lbs.; ox hides, 4c; bulls and stags, 2½c; calf skins, 5@6c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 6½@6¾c.

MEAL—Corn 50@55; rye 90@1 00.

POTATOES—$1 00 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 7@7½c; ham 12@13c; chickens 13@15c; fowls 12c; mutton 8c; lambs 7@8c; veals 6@7c; turkeys 16@18c; round hog 5@5½c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 60c per bushel; abbages, 1c; squash, 1c; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 40c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27.

APPLES—Eating, per bbl., $3 00@3 50; cooking, $2 00; evaporated, 7½@8½c per lb.

BUTTER—16@17 for choice family; creamery, 22@26c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 20@2 25; Yellow Eyes, $2 75@3 00.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11½@13½c; N. Y. Factory, 11½@12½c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 15@4 75; Spring X and XX, $4 50@5 00; Roller Michigan, $5 00@5 12; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 25@5 75.

FISH—Cod Shore, $4 50@4 75; bank, $4 00@4 50; Scaled herring per box, 12@16c; Mackerel per bbl, shore 1s, $28 00@30 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 50@51; oats, 35@38c; cotton seed, car lots, $28 00@29 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $26 00@27 00; sacked bran, car lots, $18 00@16 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $17 00@18 00; middlings, car lots, $18 00@20 00; middlings, bag lots, $19 00@21 00.

LARD—Per tierce, 6¼@7¼c per lb; per tub, 6¼@7¼c; pail, 7@10c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 11@13c; chickens, 13@15c; turkeys, 20@24; eggs, 26@27c; potatoes, 75@80c per bush.; extra beef, $6 00@8 25; pork backs, $13 00@13 50; clear, $13 75@13 00; hams, 11@11½c; covered, 13@13½c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.

United States Bonds, 3's,	(reg.)	
" "	New 4s, (reg.)	127
" "	" (coup.)	127
" "	New 4½ (reg.)	104¾
" "	4½ (coup.)	105¾
" "	Pacific 6s.	110

If you have as many friends as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, you are a fortunate person.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 27.

APPLES—$1 25@2 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 50@2 65 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 25@2 35.

BUTTER—Best, 21@22c per lb.; fair to good, 18@20c.

EGGS—26c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10½@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 10½@11c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 35@38c per bushel.

HAY—$9@10 per ton; best bales, $12@13.

CORN—52@53c; meal, 50c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 65@70c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 6½@7c. Chicken, 25c; Fowl per lb., 12@15c; Turkeys, none in market.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 26.

CATTLE—Receipts 14,000; shipments 3000; dull and lower; choice to extra beeves at 4.60@5 15; steers at 2 90@4 40; stockers and feeders at 1 80@3 80; cows, bulls and mixed ——; Texas cattle, 1 40@2 90; Western rangers, 2 75@3 40.

HOGS—Receipts 54,000; shipments 4000; lower; mixed 3 50@3 80; heavy at 3 50@3 80; light at 3 55@3 80; skips at 3 00@3 40.

SHEEP—Receipts 9,000; shipments 2000; steady; natives, 3 00@5 80; Western at 3 50@4 25; Texans, 3 00@4 00; lambs at 4 50@4 75.

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

INCREASE.

Oliver D. Norton, West's Mills.
Preston M. Von, Robbinston.
Wm. H. Folsom, Olamon.
Elihu A. Brown, Solon.
Lemuel Porter, Readfield.
Elander R. Grant, Freedom.
Benhuel Washburn, Bangor.
Henry E. Jellison, Eden.
David B. Ulmon, Saint Winn.
Jordan Rolfe, Portland.
John S. Swanbuck, Mapleton.
Rufus P. Peakes, Bangor.
Moses F. Hurd, Kenduskeag.
Alex. Boyd, North Boothbay.
George T. Peavy, Swanville.
John Connor, National Military Home.
John Robinson, Bath.
Fred A. Hall, Lubec.
Edward E. Heath, Portland.
David F. Billings, Brooksville.
Charles Y. Nichols, New Portland.
David S. Higgins, Selsor.
John O. Thorne, North Auburn.
Jonathan H. Howes, South Addison.
Albion F. Holmes, North Cornville.
Martin Weich, Augusta.
Alden L. Hatch, Washburne.
George Cole, Burnham.
Arthur Ricker, Richmond.
James F. Packard, Buckfield.
Charles H. McDevitt, Cherryfield.
William H. Clark, Oldtown.
Amos B. Oxton, Camden.
Milford B. Reynolds, Sidney.
John Love, East Madison.
George W. Townsend, Searsmont.
Orren Tobin, Bangor.
John C. Spinney, Allen's Mills.
Daniel B. Seavey, Crawford.
Albert H. Allen, Alton.
John W. West, Lewiston.
Albert Morrison, Belfast.
David B. Abbott, North Anson.
Chas. E. Bean, Carwell.
Nathaniel L. Baron, Lockes Mills.
Hannibal H. Powers, P

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thanksgiving—1889.

As you gather round your board,
Praise the Lord.
Praise Him for your goodly fare,
Praise Him for His watchful care,
Praise Him for our land so fair,
Free and broad;
Praise Him for His kindness rare—
Praise the Lord.

Do your coffers hoarding keep
Heap on heap?
Is the beggar's pleading heard?
Is your heart to pity stirred?
At the tale of hope deferred
Do you weep?
Do you heed his loving word,
"Feed my sheep?"

Are you blessed with plenty? Bless
Those with less.
Round on ev'ry side they stand,
Wanderers from every land;
Every empty, out stretched hand
Kindly press.
Give as He has given, and
He will bless.

Are you clogged by earthly lust?
In His trust,
He will screen you from your foes,
Take the sting from all your woes,
Give a balm for all your blows;
He is just.
He is patient, for he knows
We are dust.

Are you weary of life's dross?
Seek the cross.
Christ has suffered deeper yet,
Eyes with plying tear-drops wet,
Dark Gethsemane's red sweat,
At his cross,
E'er he paid the awful debt
For our loss.

Give Him gratitude to-day,
Praise and pray.
'Tis a solemn voice command,
That o'er all our sunny land,
All in one fraternal band,
Shall to-day
Lift to Him an anthem grand—
Praise and pray.

Are we maimed, and ill, and blind?
We can find
Some sweet cause to give Him praise.
Somewhere in the bye-gone days,
Or beyond the future's haze,
Undefined.
We may look with rapturous gaze—
He is kind.

As you gather round your board,
Praise the Lord.
Praise Him for our country grand,
That can all respect command
In each great or lowly land
Far abroad.
Think of all His mercies, and
Praise the Lord.

CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

The Work That is Best.

Long centuries ago, in a famed city
Across the sea, a great cathedral stood,
A witness to the beauty Art had wrested
From stone and wood.

One day the sunlight, through a slanted window,
Upon a shadowed arch a moment shone,
Revealing unto those whose eyes were lifted,
What none before had known.

It was a sculptured face of such transcendent
And utter loveliness, that those who saw
Deemed they had looked upon a heavenly vision,—
And held their breath for awe.

And day by day, for many years thereafter,
Men came from far and near, happy to sit
And watch beneath the arch, for the brief sun ray
That should illumine it.

And felt them repaid for all their waiting
If they could catch, just for a moment's space,
Whereon to speak, in words, to live, a single
Swift glimpse of that fair face.

This is the story: When the great cathedral
Was being built, one day, with meek respect,
There came a man, aged and feeble, unto
The master architect,

And asked, that of the work so sweet and sacred
Some humblest portion might be granted him.
His feebleness and age compassionating,
Yet fearing that his dim,

Uncertain sight, and trembling, eager fingers,
Might mar some fair design, some perfect view,
The master in the high roof's vaulted shadows,
Set him his work to do.

Day after day, with sweet, untiring patience,
In his obscure and humble place he wrought;
From his more highly-gifted fellow-workers
Winning scant speech or thought.

At last, one morning, still and cold they found him,
His right hand's cunning power in the upright grace
Of death enfolding him, his face upturned
Unto that other face

That he had wrought; the face of the one woman,
Ever the truest and the best beloved and lost
In early manhood's prime, e'er care and sorrow
His happy path had crossed.

And as they gazed, the artists and the sculptors,
The craftsmen all, whose skill was making fair
And grand the vast cathedral, on the beauty
So strangely carven there,

"Grandest of all!" they cried; and then they whispered,
"Who works for fame or gold doth something miss;
Unheeding praise or blame, in shadowed silence,
Love hath wrought this!"

"Grandest of all!" they cried, "before whose perfect
Ideal beauty all our boastings cease.
Hail to the love that thus for love's sake only
Hath wrought its masterpiece!"

So in the Temple of the Ages, builded
Out of men's lives, it comes to every one
Some day, to find there in his work so noble
As that which love hath done.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

My First Thanksgiving Dinner.

My first Thanksgiving dinner! How well I remember it. I was young, and yet old; half child, half woman. I should have been a child, but we were poor, and I took a woman's part of the burden. I was not unhappy. Ah, no! Mother was there. Mother, father, and the "rest of us." I was the oldest. There were four younger, two boys (and though long years are gone since then, they are always "the boys"), and two girls just out of babyhood. Then came another. Such a dear, dimpled, helpless, wee sister, suckling her thumb. So dear, so welcome, but she almost cost our mother's life. That was in September. How she fought death! It was for us. She could not leave us; and she did not, though her recovery was so slow. It seemed to me as I looked at her, so sweet, so white, on the hot pillows, that she was too fair a prize for death to give up easily. "Shall I have aught that is fair?" saith he." But he left her, or God pitied us and let her stay a little while.

How I worked then! I left school for a while, and the little one was only two weeks old when I had sole charge of her. And the numberless times I ran up and down stairs on my loving errands, with such a wild, fearful dread in my heart that it might be all in vain; the cheerful face I assumed on entering the room where she was, my idol, and the pain tugging at my heart at the thought that she might think me careless because of the smile. Then, sometimes, when she was under the influence of opiates, she would not know me, and would send me from the room, with an awful tightening of the muscles of my throat and stomach at the awful thought that she did not know me, and did not want me any more. I could not be comforted by the thought of the drugs. My mother did not know me, and had sent me away.

She grew better, and sometimes, weary and half ill from being shut up so much indoors, I would go out in the clear, pure autumn air, and walk about with such a great, tender, reverential joy swelling my heart, and bubbling up through my lips in little trills of thankfulness, which were the heartfelt that they did not startle the little birds who were preparing for flight. Some of them would look at me for a moment, and then, as if understood my happiness, would burst out in such a pealing, triumphant trill of joy that its sympathy would dim my eyes.

The trees were all decked in holiday dress, and nothing seemed out of place to me. No color was too bright, no breeze too sprightly, no song too loud. Mother was getting well.

There were the squirrels getting in their winter stores. That seemed perfectly in harmony with my thoughts, or my want of thoughts. He must have been one whom he loved to share this hard earned harvest with him. Or course he *did* love his little mate, or he would not seem so bright and happy at his husbandly task. Perhaps he expected some of his children home to the old nest for a Thanksgiving dinner. Then I wondered if birds kept a Thanksgiving day. Of course they did! They surely ought to, for are they not all fed by His hand, even if they do not "gather into barns?" And does he not mark the fall of each? O, infinite power! to whom nothing is unworthy of notice.

The thought of Thanksgiving led my thoughts homeward, and almost without thought of mine my feet turned that way. What a Thanksgiving I would have! I was to get the dinner all by myself. And how very thankful I would be on that day, for I had much to be thankful for, now.

The sun showed a bright, glowing face as he was taking his last peep at us for the day, and looked as if he were thankful that he was doing so much good, in calling the sleeping birds from their nests to their morning carols; in touching our sleepy eyelids, softly at first, and then a little more decidedly, until he wakes us to a new day; in moving the lovely flowers out of their winter retreat, to meet the spring breezes; in giving the summer flowers their delicate tints and sweet perfumes; in ripening the fruit for our use in the golden harvest time; in cheering, for awhile, the frozen whiteness of the winter day; and of preparing us, by the busy day, for the rest we should enjoy when he is no longer with us, and which makes us ready and willing to greet him again in the morning.

The children were coming home from school, swinging their book-bags in a joyful anticipation of the playtime near at hand, and my eyes filled with tears at the thought that I was now with them.

Then there was the river, gurgling along at my feet, so busy, so helpful, as it bore the different crafts on its bosom, and furnished the power which drove the massive machines in the different manufactories, from away up the river, where the old bridge stretched its dark length across to the opposite shore, down past the old shipyards, which sent so many children out of their embrace, never to return, to the place where it emptied, with a great roar of delight, into its mother ocean, to meet an answering gurgle of delight.

Peace came to me as I saw the sun drop behind the western horizon, while its tints still lingered in the water's clear bosom. And I looked up in surprise; I had arrived at my own door.

* * * * * * *

Thanksgiving day dawned clear and cold. Mother was better, the baby was asleep, the little sisters were busy with their picture books, and the boys were out under the window trying to skate on the icy crust, and howling out with desperate delight as they stamped through, and crawled out to try it again, and filled the intervals by throwing snowballs at the heads of the passers-by, and hiding, in mischievous delight, at the looks of surprise and anger they awakened. I was busy with my Thanksgiving dinner. The house, though in a city, was an old one, and boasted a great brick oven, and set kettle underneath. Father heated the great oven for me, and, after sending him away, and making sure that I was alone, I went to work on the great turkey, which was the chief source of my pride and dread.

There it was before me in all its massive grandeur. Wild horses could not have dragged the truth from me, but I was afraid of that turkey. But I rolled my sleeves up a little higher, tied my apron a little more securely, took a good drink of water, looked at my glowing oven, set my teeth hard, and began. I held him to the glowing coals, at the great risk of cooking him too soon. I picked away on him with pride; there was not a pin feather on him. Then the dressing! I was so afraid that I would get it too hard, then that it was not thick enough. Then I was afraid there was not sage enough, so put in another handful, and then was sure there was too much. At last I decided to let it go, and, after washing the turkey until he was well soaked, I filled him with his artificial stuffing, and then proceeded to sew him up. No young surgeon ever mended his first broken limb more than I did the surgical operation I was to perform on that slaughtered biped before me. At last I took a fresh stock of courage in another drink of water and a glance at my oven. After a desperate effort he was ready for the oven, and after taking the bright coals out I put him, with a great deal of satisfaction, in their place. Then I loaded the stove. Cranberry sauce, potatoes, sweet and white, squash, a steaming kettle of water, then nervously got the coffee pot ready for its hot bath.

By that time the baby was awake, and mother must have some medicine. After the baby was again asleep, and mother had given me some smiling encouragement, I came down stairs again and set the table.

I had washed every dish in the house through seven and eight waters. I had had the best table-cloth and napkins laid out for ten days.

My dear old grandmother had kindly offered to help me, but I could accept of no help on that day, and told her she might sit with mother to let me know if she needed me, or the baby was awake.

I set that table several times before it suited me, taking an occasional peep at the turkey, and stirring some of the steaming messes on the glowing stove.

At last it suited me, and to my delight I saw it was time to take up my dinner. This was the most exciting part of all, but after a while the whole load of steaming dainties was on the clean, white table, and the girls were called from their corner, from which they had not dared to crawl so far the last two hours; the boys, whose noses were almost frozen against the window panes, were told to call father, who had gone out to give the old horse his Thanksgiving dinner, (not daring to turn his eyes in the direction of the oven), and then they were allowed to follow him into the house, and to warm their cold fingers and toes by the stove, under careful eyes at the groaning table, and on the tempting dessert on the side table.

Then I brushed back my locks from my hot face, bathed my glowing cheeks, put on a spotless apron, and rolled down my sleeves. Then I heard my dear, old grandmother's faltering step coming down stairs, and saw her dear, indulgent look as she saw my work, and heard her dear, little, cackling laugh, as she smiled on me in the way which brought the tears to my tired, hot eyes.

I saw the four pairs of eager, childish eyes, all fixed in speechless admiration on me. I heard the baby cry, and ran to rock her a little until she was quiet, and I had dried my eyes.

Then I heard a slow, heavy step on the stairs, and we all waited, an eager, happy band, and at a nod from me the little ones all ran to open the chamber door, and at last mother was down stairs, for the first time in long, weary months. Pale, weak, with a soft flush on her dear face, and borne in father's strong arms; but mother, our dear mother, with us once more.

At last they were all around the table, and I took mother's place, for she was too weak, and soon they were all waited upon, and I leaned back in my chair and clasped mother's hand, so white and thin, and watched them jealously to see if they enjoyed their dinner.

One word which had not been praise would have been death to my feelings. But not one such word met my waiting ears.

How they praised my dinner! There never was such a tender turkey. There never was one so well cooked. Never such mealy potatoes, such delicious squash, such a flavor to cranberry sauce, such fragrant coffee. Then my bread. How light it was! The pies, pumpkin, mince, squash, apple, all were perfect in their line. The cake was so delicious! Then we had nuts, raisins and apples, and my Thanksgiving dinner was over.

Then father carried mother into the cozy sitting-room, and sat her in the big easy chair. The girls went back to their books, the boys sat down to get their breath to put on their skates, father filled the stove with coal, grammie rocked the cradle, and I sat down on the floor with my head in mother's lap, and cried.

After that I felt better, and as I washed the dishes little snatches of song were bubbling up from my happy heart. I had so much to be thankful for.

CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

A POSITIVE WOMAN.

Mrs. Prindle stood in front of the pier-glass trying on a new bonnet. She was a plump little woman, with fair, baby-like face, and no one could blame her for gazing at herself with some complacency, for the dainty bit of millinery perched over the curly brown bang was exceedingly becoming. "There'll be nothing like it in Hutchinville," she said to herself, with a thrill of pride, and her fingers meanwhile fluttered like humming-birds among the trimmings, touching here a flower and there a loop.

She was going to Hutchinville the next week, for the first time since her marriage, to spend a few days with her mother, and the bonnet had been selected from Madame Le Grande's latest importations with a view to dazzling her rural friends.

"I only hope nothing will happen to it before I get there," was her thought, as she turned at last from the mirror.

She even denied herself the pleasure of wearing it to church the next day, fearing a shower, for the skies were lowering.

To face her city acquaintances for one more Sunday in the bonnet that she had already worn a whole season required far less strength of mind than to take her seat in the little Hutchinville church conscious that the bonnet, robbed of its pristine freshness, was being pounced upon by every eye in the congregation; but she could not resist putting it on to let Jack see how he liked it.

"It's pretty well up in the world," said Jack, viewing it critically, with his hands behind him; "but that seems to be the fashion in head gear now-a-days, it looks remarkably well."

Mrs. Prindle preened for a moment before the glass. She was almost tempted to wear it after all, but a warning splash on the window kept her from yielding.

"I won't risk it," she said; and putting the bonnet back in its nest, she stood on tiptoe and pushed the bandbox in place on the upper shelf of the wardrobe.

Hutchinville was a night's journey by boat, and the next day proving stormy, Mrs. Prindle, in terror of sea-sickness, decided to defer her trip; but with the waning of the afternoon the wind suddenly shifted, the clouds parted, and the sun burst forth like a monarch newly crowned. If it was going to be a fair night, it would be too bad to disappoint her mother, who she knew would be looking for her the next morning, and ordering a carriage at the last moment, she hastily gathered up her baggage and departed.

She was a methodical little woman, and even for the short time that she was to occupy her state-room she wanted "a place for everything and everything in its place;" but on boarding the boat she met an invalid friend who detained her for half an hour or more in the ladies' cabin, and before she could arrange her belongings in her state-room the capricious wind had veered again. She stood for a moment at the window trying to persuade herself that there was no cause for uneasiness, but the rain was already driving against the deck, and the increasing roughness soon compelled her to take refuge in her berth.

To all those on board who were predisposed to sea-sickness it was a night of woe, and when, the next morning, Mrs. Prindle took the stage for Hutchinville, the little village being about three miles inland, she was too exhausted to give a thought to her baggage; even the precious bonnet had for the moment drifted out of her mind, and it was not until she alighted at her mother's door that the discovery was made that the bandbox was missing.

With hasty greetings and equally hasty directions as to where to find the box, her brother Tom was despatched on horseback to the boat, and in a disturbed state of temper and nerves Mrs. Prindle seated herself at the breakfast table.

"I wouldn't worry about it, Phebe," said her mother; "it'll be all right if you left in your stateroom."

But Tom shortly came galloping back with the information that the stateroom had been searched in vain; not a box of any kind was to be found.

Then that maid must have taken it," Mrs. Prindle declared. "She had to go rummaging among my things last night for my bottle of salts, and I dare say the bandbox took her eye."

"More likely it slipped overboard when they were bringing your traps ashore," remarked Tom, with a boy's repugnance to having people suspected.

But Mrs. Prindle, convinced that the bandbox was in the waiting-maid's possession, insisted on going to see the captain.

The captain, who had just risen from breakfast when the carryall stopped at the gate, listened to Mrs. Prindle's story with courteous patience. Mrs. Bates had been on the boat for 13 years, he said, and he had never had cause to suspect her honesty; but he was more than willing to investigate the matter. It was possible that Mrs. Bates had taken the box to her own room simply for safe keeping, he suggested.

But Mrs. Bates, who had just finished putting in order the stateroom Mrs. Prindle had occupied, denied all knowledge of the bandbox, and was so indignant over Mrs. Prindle's implied suspicion that the captain had some difficulty in preventing a scene.

"It's very strange," said Mrs. Prindle, stiffly, as the captain helped her over the gang plank. "A box like that couldn't have gone off without hands. Somebody must know something about it, and if it isn't the maid it must be some of the passengers."

But all the passengers had left the boat, and Mrs. Prindle herself had to admit that to send a search-warrant after them would be an unwarrantable proceeding. Beyond question the bonnet was lost, and she returned to Hutchinville feeling that the pleasure of her visit was already at an end. Even the fact that her traveling hat was a pretty affair, and not at all out of style, afforded her little consolation. Still, she could have worn the traveling hat in a more resigned state of mind had the weather been such as to make the other seem a trifle in advance of the season; but from the hour of her arrival until she turned her face homeward, scarcely a cloud marred the serene azure of the skies. The air was full of subtle hints of bursting buds, and robin songs filled the perfumed dawns, while up and down the streets from morning till night the merry children trundled their hoops, and high above the tree-tops soared the enevitable kite; but to Mrs. Prindle, bereft of her bonnet, these unmistakable signs of spring served only to intensify her sense of loss, and she was scarcely sorry when the time came for her to return to town. The loss, trifling in itself, took the beauty out of the velvet lawns.

Jack, like the dutiful spouse that he had always proved himself to be, was at the landing to meet her next morning, and on the way home she poured into his sympathetic ear the story of the missing bonnet.

"You are sure you took it with you?" he asked, when the recital was ended.

"Jack! Of course I'm sure! You don't suppose I'd have gone off without it, after buying it on purpose to wear it when at home?" "Hardly; but never mind, dear; all you have to do is to go to Madame Le Grande's and duplicate it," said Jack, eager to comfort her.

"I may go to Madame Le Grande's and order another, but I shall not duplicate it," said Mrs. Prindle, with much dignity. I've no wish to have my bonnet a companion piece to Mrs. Bates'. That woman ought to be brought to justice, and as soon as we're through breakfast, Jack, I want you to take a description of the bonnet to some detective and put him on the watch for her."

Jack barely succeeded in suppressing a whistle.

"Wouldn't it be better—" he began; but the stopping of the street car in front of their own door served to change the subject. "I feel hungry enough to eat hunter," said Jack as he turned the latchkey.

Mrs. Prindle, too was hungry, and when Jack had deposited the parcels she asked him to tell Bridget to put breakfast on the table at once.

"I'll be down in a moment," she added, as she pulled out her hatpins.

Jack started to obey, but before he was half way down the stairs a cry from Mrs. Prindle caused him to face about, and on regaining their room he found her standing in front of the wardrobe gazing in a dazed way at the upper shelf.

"Jack," she whispered, huskily, "is that a bandbox up there?"

Jack himself seemed a little dazed. "It looks very much like one, my dear," he said slowly; "but of course it is not the one you took away with you."

"I'm—oh, I'm afraid it is, Jack!" gasped Phebe, as Jack took down the box, "or rather I'm afraid I didn't take it, after all. I remember telling Bridget to put it with the other things in the carriage, she had my bag and umbrella in her hand at the time, and just then the door bell rang, so I told her to go on and I'd bring the box, but I didn't think of it again till I was at the gate, and then Bridget came running out with it, or at least with something that I supposed to be it, and stowed it into the carriage; but now I think of it, it must have been the bandbox. Oh, Jack, what a goose I've been!"

"Moral," said Jack, taking the bonnet from the bandbox and perching it on his own head.

"Please don't Jack," entreated Phebe.

"Well, then, let's have breakfast," said Jack, hungry enough to be glad of a truce.

But though the subject was not alluded to again that day, whenever Mrs. Prindle shows a disposition to be a little overpositive, Jack, with a masculine memory for feminine short-comings, mildly reminds her of the lost bonnet.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

"Excuse me," said a tramp, as he was led to the woodshed, "but I am not experienced in running a chop-house."

"How is it, Dinnis, we're afther raylayin' de pavemint, whin we ownly laid it a shmrut toime since?" "Hivins! man, an' how long have yez lived in New Yorruk? Don't yez moind we ownly lays de pavemints wid an oie to relayin' 'em as soon as convayniant?"

Mother—Tommy, I hear that you got a thrashing in school to-day. Tommy—Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much. "Did you cry?" "Oh, yes, I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block." "Why did you do that?" "I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more."

Man's skill can build a city
With edifices grand,
Wide boulevards and fountains
Where forest trees now stand.
Ships, factories and railroads,
Steam-engines, Pullman cars,
The telegraph and cable,
And almost reach the stars.
Yes, man can rule a nation,—
Or be a dude—and flirt—
But he cannot dress the baby,
Or find his "Sunday shirt."

Real estate agent (out West)—"This is the house I told you about." Eastern man (anxious to grow up with the country)—"Rather pretty place. Contains all the modern improvements, does it?" Agent—"Yes, sirree. Which will you look at first, the cyclone cave or the earthquake cellar?"

The Czar of Russia is said to be in a state of panic. He knows not whom to trust. Even his wife is inclined to blow him up now and then.

"Why," said the husband, "do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" "Why," retorted his better half, "do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?"

Man wants but little here below, but what he does want he wants badly, and when he can't get it, realizes what want is.

True Kentucky Hospitality.

A kind friend tells us that a recent paragraph in this column relating to the Harlan-county feud in Kentucky, recalled to his mind a story which is now so old as to be new again, says the Washington *Post*. A stranger had gone into one of the Southern States to have a little sport with his gun, but after hunting nearly all day, was well nigh disgusted at having found nothing to shoot at. He was about to give up, when he chanced to meet a native with whom he fell into conversation.

"I thought this was a great country for game," said the stranger.

"Waal, so it war a bit ago. Ther war a right smart o' game roun' hyar afo' the boys got to gunnin' fur it, but I reckon its mostly killed off now."

"I should say it had been. Why, I've been tramping through these woods since early this morning, and I haven't seen a blessed thing to shoot at."

The native, whose head was full of that beautiful hospitality for which the South was so famous in ante-bellum times, stopped and stood in deep meditation for some seconds.

"Stogged of I don't hate to see you go 'way disappointed, stranger, but—"

An idea struck him—a good idea. His face lighted up.

"What time is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Quarter past four."

"Waal, now," said the native, with spirit, "you go over and stand behind the big tree at the fork of the road, just beyond the branch, and I'll be out in just 15 minutes, an' you'll get a right good shot at the Yankee schoolmaster."

A Few Things to Remember.

Here are a few miscellaneous hints, rules and facts worth remembering:

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

A box 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches deep will contain one bushel.

One cent saved each day and put out at 6 per cent. interest, will accumulate to $950 in fifty years.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair, will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A stone, used by grocers, is equal to fourteen pounds.

It takes from 1¼ to 2 bushels of wheat to sow one acre of ground.

To find the amount of hay in a mow, allow 512 cubic feet for a ton.

A thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.—*New York Evening World.*

Young Folks' Column.

My Little Hero.

Earth's truest and bravest heroes
Fight with an unseen foe,
And win a victory grander
Than you and I can know;
We little dream of the conflict
Fought in each human soul,
And earth knows not of her heroes
Upon God's honor roll.

One of earth's little heroes
Right proud am I to know,
His name for me is mother,
My name for him is Joe;
At thought of a ten year old hero
Perhaps have many smiled,
But a battlefield's a battlefield
In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing,
I saw, but gave no sign,
For I wanted to test the mettle
Of this little knight of mine;
"Of course you must come and help us,
For we all depend on Joe,"
The boys said; and I waited,
For his answer—yes or no.

He stood and thought for a moment,
I read his heart like a book,
For the battle that he was fighting
Was told in his earnest look;
Then to his waiting playmates
Outspoke my loyal knight:
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,
For I know it wouldn't be right."

How proud was I of my hero,
As I held his little head,
And gave him the bed-time kisses,
And the good-night words were said!
True to his Lord and manhood
May he stand in the world's fierce fight,
And shun each unworthy action,
Because it "wouldn't be right."

Thanksgiving.

Probably many of the young folks who read this column cannot tell the origin of the festival or the date of the first Thanksgiving, which is now observed annually after the gathering of the harvest. In the autumn of 1621, the first Thanksgiving day, or week, was appointed by Gov. Carver, the first governor of New England. Before the time was set for this first Thanksgiving, the Governor sent out a fowling expedition "that for their Thanksgiving dinners the people might have more abundant materials than ordinary" to cook with. This was the week in which Massasoit, the Indian chief, and ninety of his men were entertained. Labor was suspended, and the English employed themselves in military exercises before their visitors. Find in history no mention of Thanksgiving day in 1622. In 1623 fears were entertained for the safety of the colony by reason of an anticipated famine. From the third week in May to the middle of July, no rain fell. The corn withered under the heat of a scorching sun. The Indians prophesied famine for the colony, and a consequent easy triumph over them. In this extremity, a public fast was observed with great solemnity—the first voluntary fast ever kept on these western shores. The morning of the fast was cloudless, and the day proved intensely hot; but as evening approached, clouds collected, and rain descended in moderate but refreshing showers, the languishing crops revived and a bountiful harvest succeeded. In token of the general gratitude, a day of public thanksgiving was ordered—the second such day ever observed in New England.

"When the Pilgrim Fathers fled from persecution in England, and sought an asylum in this country, they at first depended much on the supplies of food from the mother country. At one time a number of them went to the seashore, looking anxiously for a vessel which was to bring them corn, and being disappointed, hunger induced them to search among the pebbles for something to satisfy the craving demands of nature. And sincere was their gratitude to Him who 'openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing,' when they found in the sand a kind of mussel of which they partook and found to be both wholesome and nutritious. One day, after they had finished a hearty meal of this kind, a number of them stood up and returned thanks, by blessing God that he had fulfilled the promise made to Zebulon, Deut. 33-19: 'They shall offer sacrifices of righteousness, for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand.'"

During the continuance of the severe winter of 1630, the pilgrims' stock of provision began to be dealt in consideration of their perilous condition, the 6th of February was appointed as a day of public fasting and prayer to seek deliverance from God. On the 5th the ship Lion, which had been sent to England for supplies, arrived laden with provisions, which were distributed among the people according to their necessities, and their appointed fast was changed into a day of thanksgiving.

Reading of the sufferings endured by our forefathers, we should realize more fully the many blessings we enjoy in this our day, and be thankful to God for them.

MRS. C. G. FURBISH.

Dear Girls and Boys of the Young Folks' Column: Where are all of you? I see that our column is not so well filled with letters as it used to be from you all; and now I hope as the summer vacation and camp-meetings are closed that our column will resume its writers again, and be as interesting as before. Our fall term of school has closed. I did not attend school this fall. My sister went, and did not miss but one day, and then she staid out to go to the fair. Our winter term of school begins the 3d of December. Mr. Bartlett of Hope Corner, will teach, and also have a writing school. I should like to hear who received the atlas that was to be given away to the one who found the largest number of Maine hidden towns. Where are all of you going to spend Thanksgiving? As it is about time for Christmas, what are all of you going to make for presents? I hope that some of you will send some pretty patterns for fancy work. Father has finished harvesting; he raised quite a lot of potatoes and about 200 bushels of vegetables. We have two little colts, their names are Duster and Mepser. Why don't Old Mother and Aunt Martha write? I have not seen any of their letters for a long time; I hope they will write soon. I think I have written enough for this time. I will close; hope to hear from the other writers.

North Appleton. E. D. W.

Teach the Boys About it.

At home and at school the boys should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of human life; first, they should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues—that it never enters into the elements of structure; second, that it disturbs the operation of the brain, and the mind can get no help from it that is to be relied upon; third, that alcohol inflames the baser passions, and debases the feelings; fourth, that an appetite for drink is certainly formed in those that use it, which destroys the health, injures the character, and in millions of instances becomes ruinous to fortunes, and to all the high interests of the soul; fifth, that crime and pauperism are directly caused by alcohol. So long as $2,000,000 are daily spent for drink in England, and $2,000,000 per day in the United States, having little else to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industries, increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, the boys should understand the facts about alcohol, and be able to act upon them.

A Youthful Reformer.

The name Jimmy Eaton is not very common—not nearly so much as John Smith, for instance,—but says the *Youth's Companion*, after reading the following story one cannot help thinking that the boy Jimmy Eaton is to found almost anywhere. Some readers of the *Companion* may know not only such a boy, but such a man.

A schoolmaster was placed over a new school. His ambition was roused; he wanted to make that the very best school that ever was. He pondered a good while, and concluded that the best way to get at his object was to rouse a spirit of self-respect and self-improvement in the pupils.

So one day he talked to them earnestly, and finally he said, thinking he had made the object very plain to them all:

"Now, boys, I believe there's just one way to do this thing. If each of you will make up his mind to mend one boy's faults, the whole school will be improved in a very short time."

"All right, sir," spoke up little Jimmy Eaton, who had been very much interested in the discussion; "I'll mend Jack Wyeth."

Mr. Editor and Friends: As the young folks have not written many letters of late to your valuable paper, I thought I would try and write one. I always enjoy reading the *Maine Farmer*, and think the letters written by young people very interesting. We have, I hope, all enjoyed the very pleasant summer, and should now be willing to go to School. School ever where we are getting along. We had six weeks vacation in the summer, school beginning in September. This term closes in December, a week before Christmas. Our teacher, who has taught a year, intends leaving at the close of the term. I think temperance is a good cause, in which all the boys and girls should engage. Would like to have my name added to Etta West's temperance list. I wish all of my young friends a very Merry Christmas, and hope that Santa Claus may visit you all. BETH LACEY.

Centreville.

Two youths came out of the cyclorama the other night just ahead of me, and as I followed them down the avenue one of them observed: "That battle of Gettysburg must have been an awful thing!" "You bet!" was the terse rejoinder. "Glad we went." "So'n I." They walked a few steps in silence, and then the first one suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "What fools!" "Who?" "We." "How?" "We never asked nobody which side licked."

Edith heard her mother say that she had got registered in order to vote for school committee. So settling herself on the register in the sitting room, she calls out to her little sister, "Come, Ruth, and get registered, so you can vote like mamma."

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